

№32
JUNE

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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The HAUNT of EVIL!



THROUGH THE DUSKY VEIL OF BLACKEST NIGHT, THE MONSTROUS HORDE ASSEMBLES! EACH MIDNIGHT, THE LIVING DEAD FROM WORLDS BEYOND ENACT DARK RITES NOT MEANT FOR MORTAL EYES! WHAT AWFUL FEAR IMPELS A YOUNG WAR BRIDE AND HER AMERICAN HUSBAND TO BRAVE THE DREAD PERILS HERE---IN THE HAUNT OF EVIL?

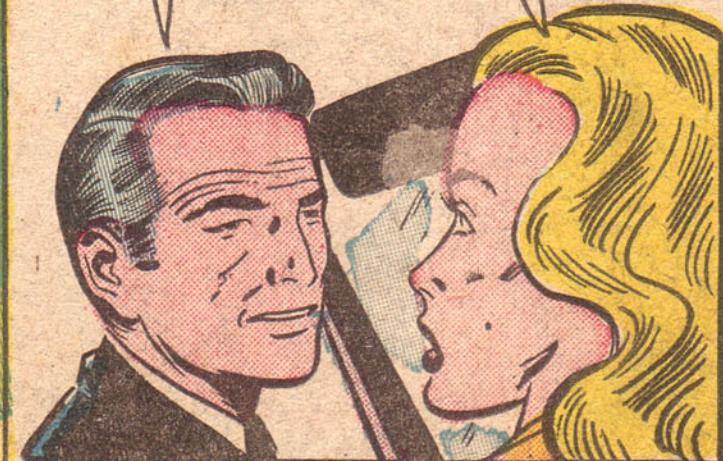
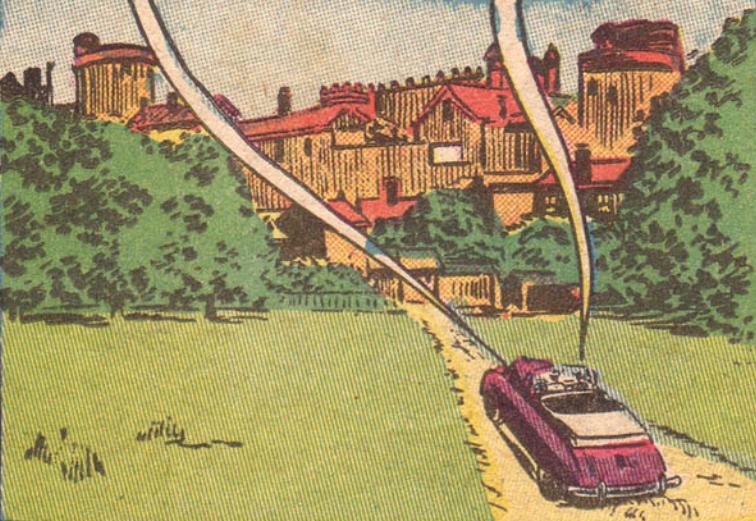
SOMEWHERE IN CENTRAL EUROPE...

THAT'S ZORNHEIM JUST AHEAD, DARLING!

FASTER, ARTHUR,
FASTER! I HAVE
A FEELING WE'LL
BE TOO LATE!

A FEW MINUTES MORE ISN'T GOING TO MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE AFTER A SIX YEAR ABSENCE! YOU'LL SEE, GERDA! WHEN WE GET THERE YOU'LL FIND YOUR DAD IS FINE!

I---I HOPE SO! THAT LAST LETTER TOLD SO LITTLE! ONLY THAT HIS ILLNESS HAD BECOME WORSE---TH-THAT HE HADN'T MUCH TIME LEFT!



LOOK, ARTHUR! IN FRONT OF MY
HOUSE-- IT'S OLD DUREK, THE
CARETAKER! HE SEES US!

GOOD OLD DUREK! IT
REALLY BROKE HIM UP
WHEN YOU RETURNED
TO THE STATES WITH
ME! WE LOVED YOU
LIKE HIS OWN!

MY LITTLE GERDA!
YOU'VE COME BACK!
OH, IF ONLY IT
WERE A BETTER
TIME---A HAPPIER
MOMENT!

YOU
MEAN
FATHER,
DUREK?
H---HOW
IS HE?

HE IS NO LONGER
OF THIS WORLD.
CHILD! HE PASSED
ON ONLY A FEW
HOURS AGO!

OH...
HH!

I WAS WITH HIM TILL THE
END! H---HE'S IN HIS
ROOM---UPSTAIRS!

THANK YOU,
DUREK! FOR
E---EVERYTHING!

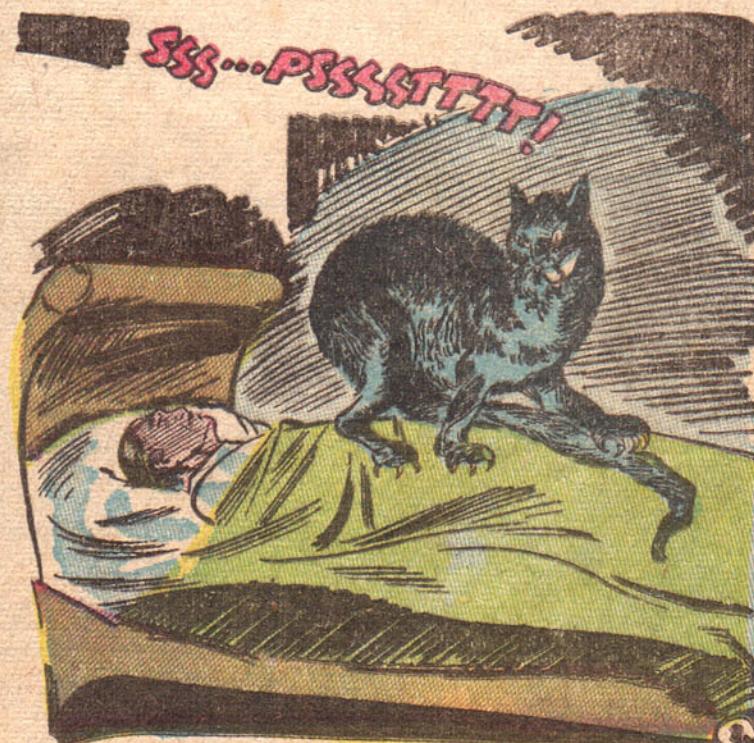
UPSTAIRS...

EASY NOW, DARLING!
BE BRAVE!

I'LL TRY,
ARTHUR!
OH, DAD
---DAD!

ARTHUR---LOOK!
ON THE BED!

SSS...PSSSTTT!



WITH A SAVAGE LEAP, THE BRISTLING CAT SPRINGS ACROSS THE DEAD MAN'S BODY...



...AND FLEES THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW!

HE'S ESCAPING, ARTHUR! STOP HIM!

BUT IT'S ONLY A CAT! LET HIM GO!



IT'S NOT JUST ANY CAT, ARTHUR! --THIS IS SOMETHING YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND, BUT WE OF THE OLD WORLD DO!

WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THIS, GERDA? THIS ISN'T LIKE YOU!



YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!

GERDA SPEAKS THE TRUTH!

DUREK! YOU...YOU THINK THE SAME WAY?

I KNOW, ARTHUR! NOW THAT GERDA HAS SEEN WITH HER OWN EYES, I FEEL FREE TO SPEAK! HER FATHER'S MYSTERIOUS ILLNESS IS NO MYSTERY! HIS LIFE'S BLOOD WAS DRAINED BY AN ACCURSED VAMPIRE!



THAT BLACK CAT WAS THE VAMPIRE HIMSELF IN ANOTHER FORM! LEAPING ACROSS THE DEAD MAN'S BODY MEANS HE HAS CLAIMED THE SOUL! HE NOW BELONGS TO THEM, AND WILL BECOME A VAMPIRE IN TURN!

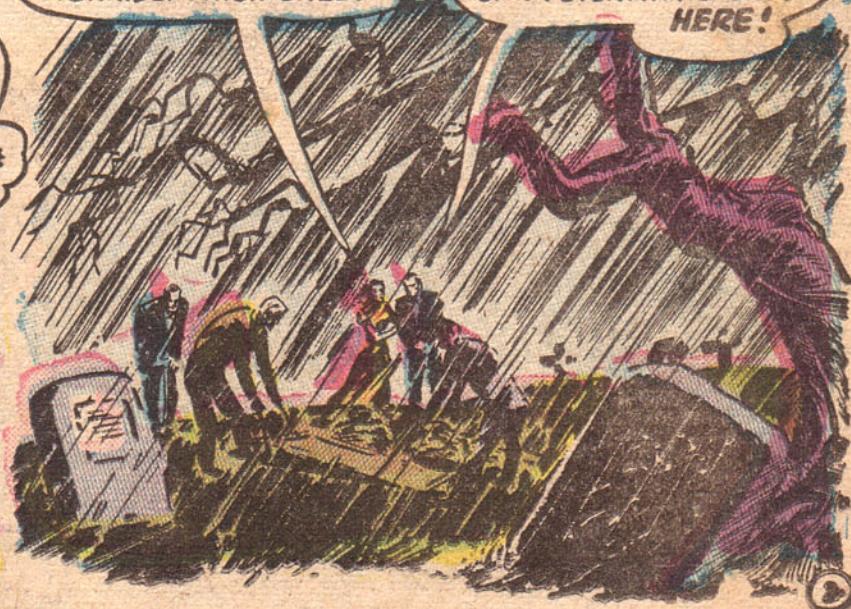
FANTASTIC RUBBISH, THAT'S ALL! NOTHING BUT PURE ROT!



The following day, in the village's tiny cemetery...

I--I'M FRIGHTENED, ARTHUR! TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED!

FORGET WHAT'S BEEN SAID! EVERYTHING ENDS HERE!



That same night...

REMEMBER, DUREK, NOT ANOTHER WORD ABOUT THIS VAMPIRE BUSINESS! I ONLY HOPE THIS WARM MILK WILL SETTLE GERDA'S NERVES AND HELP HER SLEEP!

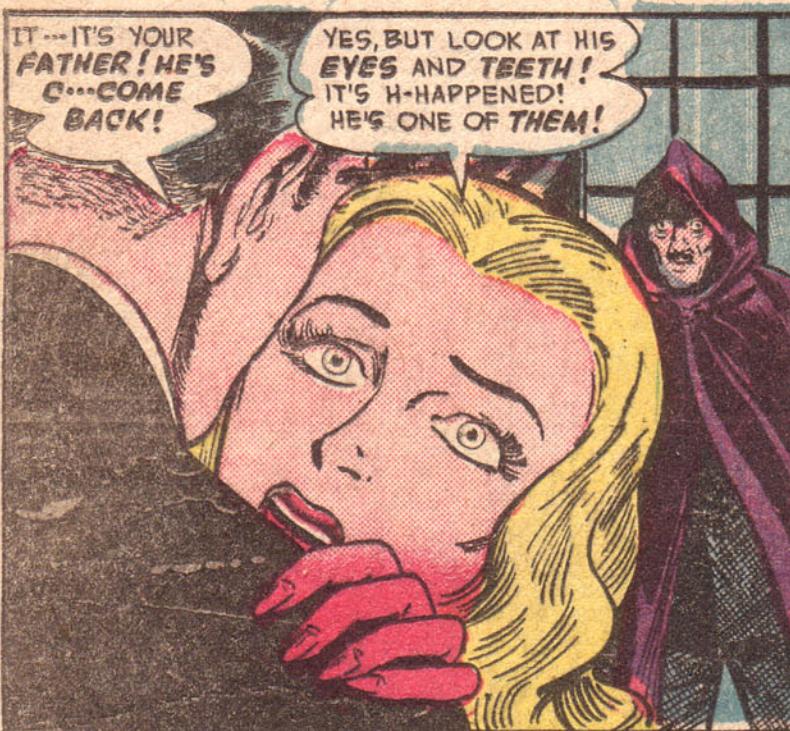
I WILL SAY NOTHING... UNTIL YOU SPEAK OF IT YOURSELF!

IT'S GERDA! SHE'S IN TROUBLE!

BOUNDING FRANTICALLY UP THE STAIRS, ARTHUR BURSTS INTO HIS WIFE'S ROOM...

WHAT HAPPENED? THAT SCREAM...

OVER THERE, ARTHUR! HE'S IN THE ROOM!



SECONDS LATER...

YE GODS,
DUREK! THIS
IS SOMETHING
I NEVER THOUGHT
POSSIBLE!

THE
STRANGEST
IS YET TO
COME! SEE,
HE LEADS
US TOWARD
THE GRAVE-
YARD!

AS THE SPECTRAL IMAGE ENTERS THE
CEMETERY, MONSTROUS CREATURES WITH
BLOOD-STREAKED EYES LURK IN THE
SHADOWS...



LOOK! HE'S
BEEN JOINED
BY THOSE---
THINGS! BUT
THEY AREN'T
GHOSTS EITHER!
I'LL GET RID OF
THEM FAST
ENOUGH!

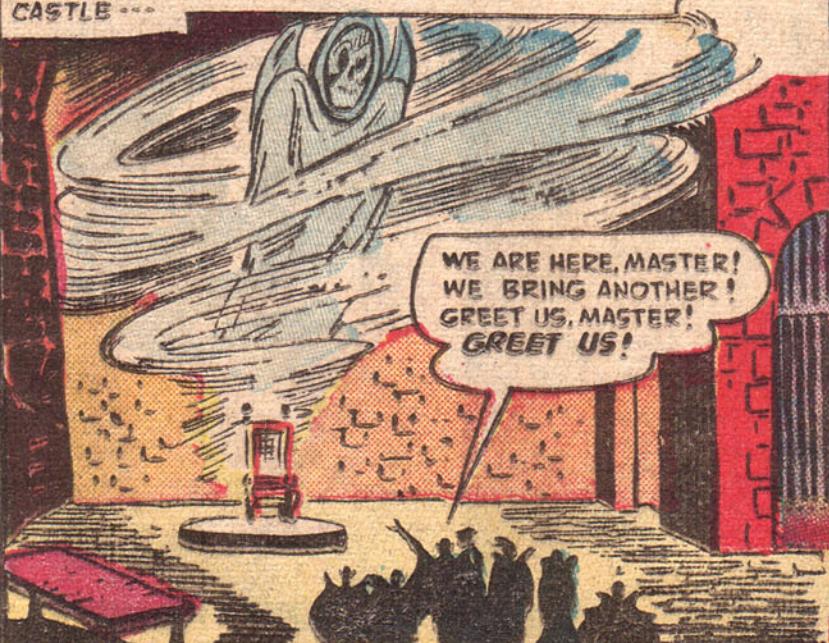
NO!
BULLETS
ARE
USELESS!
OUR ONLY
HOPE IS
TO TRAIL
THEM TO
THEIR
LAIR!



HOLY COW, DUREK! THEY'RE
COMING IN DROVES! BUT---
FROM WHERE?

SO LONG AS
THEY HAVE VICTIMS,
VAMPIRES NEVER
DIE! FOR ALL WE
KNOW THEY MAY
BE CENTURIES OLD,
AND ALWAYS INCREAS-
ING IN NUMBER!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE LOATHESOME HORDE
ASSEMBLES IN THE MAIN HALL OF THE CRUMBLING
CASTLE...



LOOK! THEY HEAD FOR BARON GORCHECK'S
ROTTING CASTLE! OVER THREE CENTURIES
AGO THE BARON WAS BURNED FOR PRACTIC-
ING THE BLACK ARTS! IT'S BEEN A CURSED
SPOT EVER SINCE---IT IS DANGEROUS
TO CONTINUE!

NOTHING MUST
STOP US! WE
MUST GO
ON!



SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE SWIRLING
MIST...

MASTER! MASTER!
HE HEARS OUR CALL!
THE GREAT ONE IS
HERE!



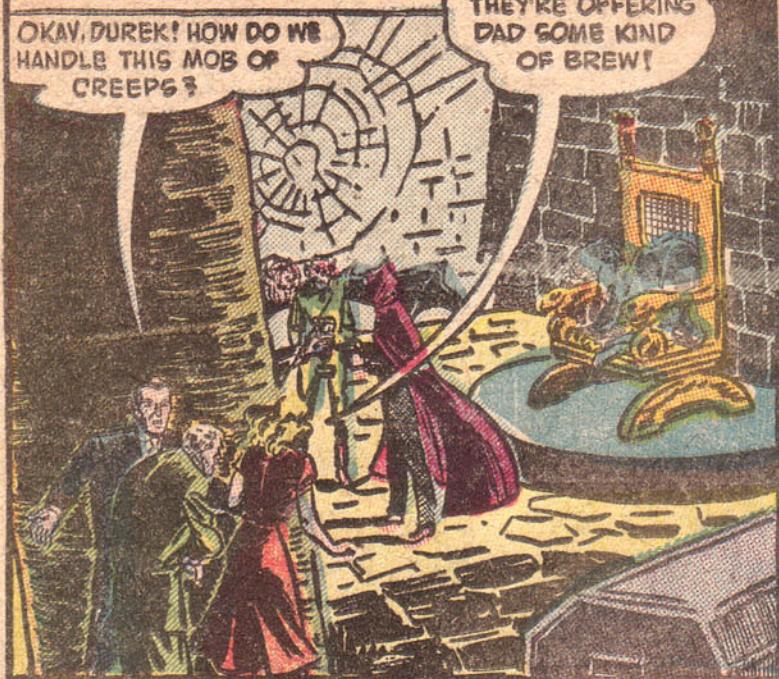
HORRIFIED, THE THREE LOOK ON!

OKAY, DUREK! HOW DO WE
HANDLE THIS MOB OF
CREEPS?

LOOK, ARTHUR!
THEY'RE OFFERING
DAD SOME KIND
OF BREW!

THE MOMENT HAS COME! WHEN YOU HAVE
DRUNK OF THIS CUP YOU SHALL BE ONE
OF US! -

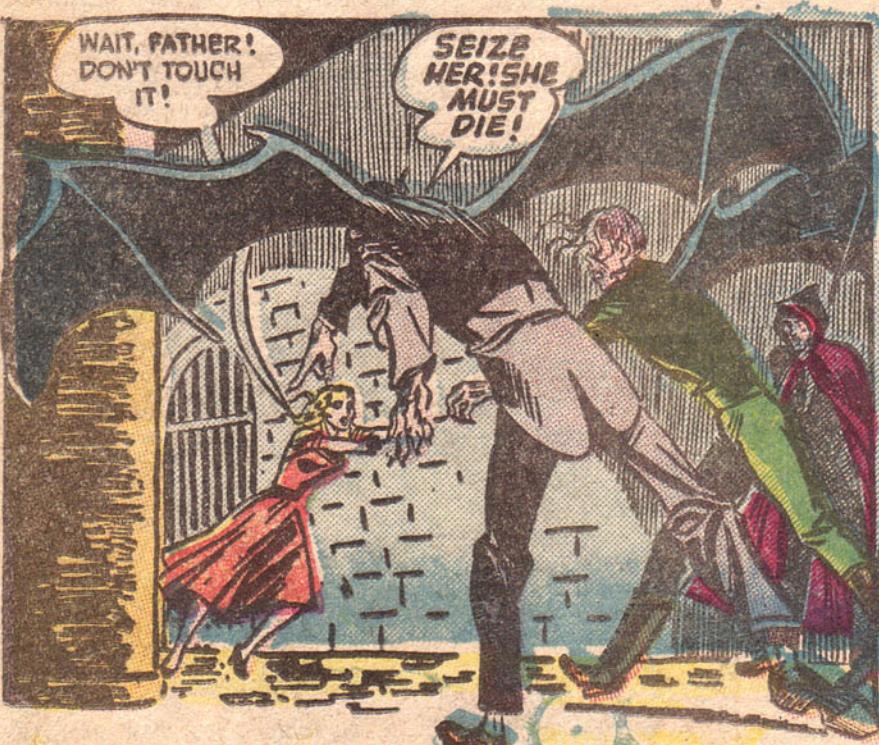
I HEAR
THE
CALL! I
OBEY!



WAIT, FATHER!
DON'T TOUCH
IT!

SEIZE
HER! SHE
MUST
DIE!

STAND BACK, DEMONS! YOUR EVIL
POWER IS HELPLESS BEFORE
THE MANDRAKE ROOT I
HOLD BEFORE YOU! BACK!



LOOK! THAT
CREEP'S GETTING
AWAY!

THAT IS THE
MASTER VAM-
PIRE! IF HE
ESCAPES, ALL
IS LOST!

ON THE SPECTRAL GLOOM OUT-
SIDE...

YOU'RE CORNERED,
PIEND! I'LL...WHAT THE--!
THOSE BULLETS
AREN'T DOING A
THING!



THERE ARE OTHER
WAYS TO SKIN A
CAT...AND THIS
IS ONE OF 'EM!

WHEN THE SNARLING CREATURE
STRIKES THE GROUND...

NOW WE'RE ON AN
EQUAL FOOTING
...LET'S SEE WHAT
YOU'RE GOING TO
DO!

BANG!

CRACK!

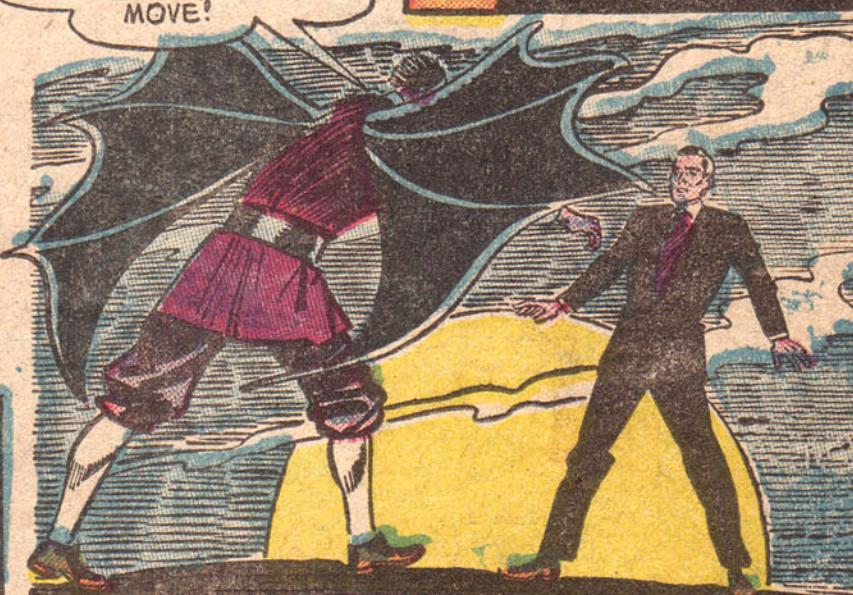
SPSSS.
SST!

LOOMING ENORMOUS BEFORE
ARTHUR'S STUNNED EYES...A
WEIRD TRANSFORMATION
BEGINS TO TAKE PLACE...

IT'S GROWING
BIGGER! IT'S
BEGINNING
TO CH...CHANGE
INTO A...

...INTO A VAMPIRE, FOOL! BARON
GORCHECK HAS LIVED TOO LONG
TO BE TRAPPED BY A STUPID
MORTAL!

BEHOLD! YOU ARE POWER-
LESS! YOU WISH TO RUN, BUT
YOU CAN'T! YOUR BODY TREMBLES
WITH FEAR BUT YOU CAN'T
MOVE!

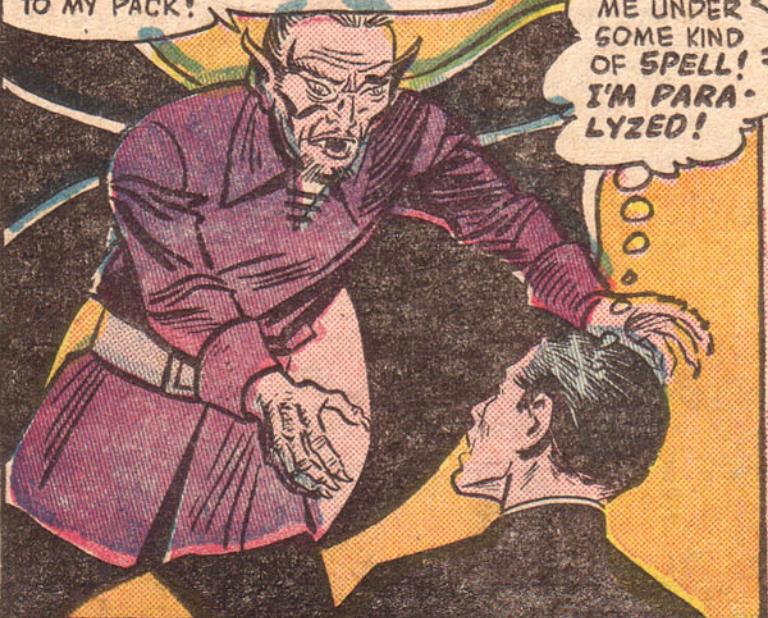


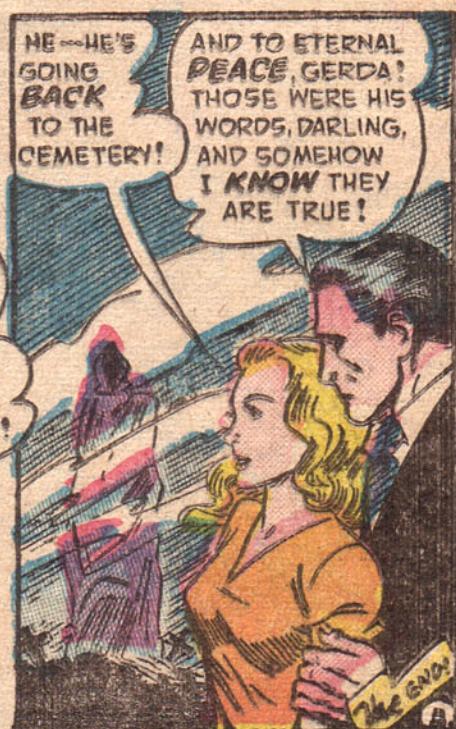
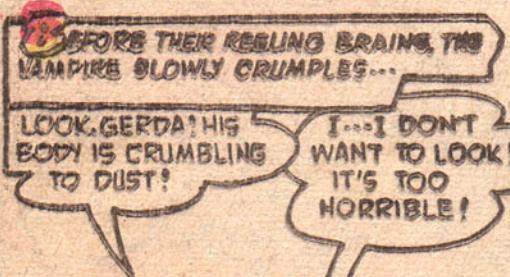
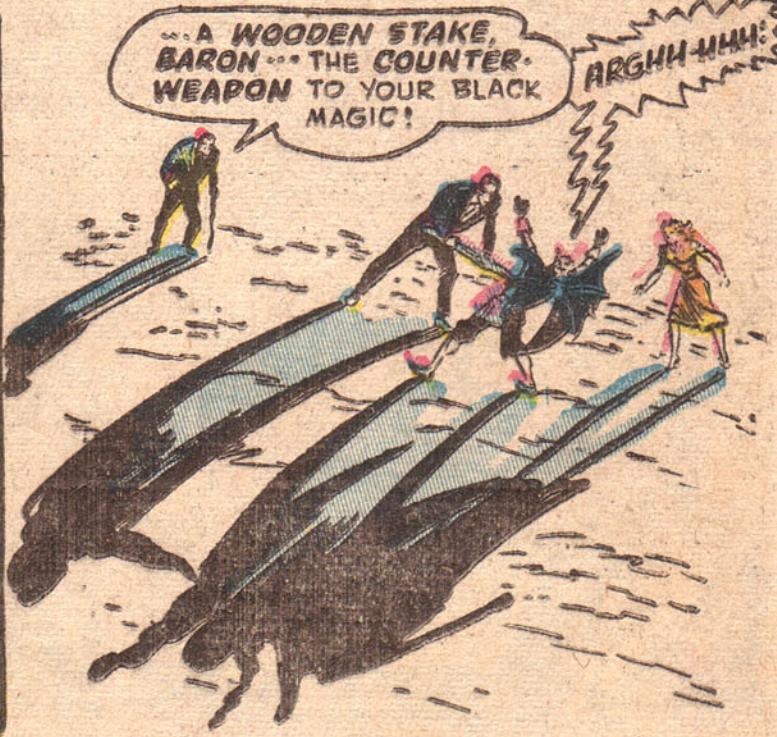
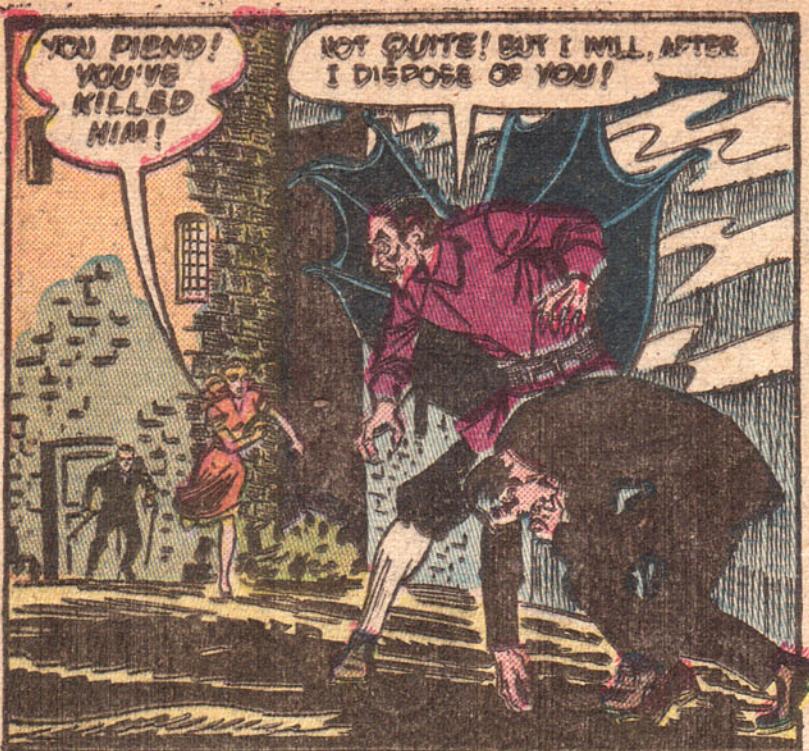
NOW YOU SHALL DIE FOR YOUR MEDDLING! FIRST I
CHOKE THE LIVING BREATH FROM YOUR
BODY! THEN I WILL THROW YOU
TO MY PACK!

HE'S GOT
ME UNDER
SOME KIND
OF SPELL!
I'M PARA-
LYZED!

HOLD ON,
ARTHUR!
WE'RE
COMING!

FOOLS!
THEY CAN'T
SAVE YOU!





the 'POPSICLE' KIDS CAPTURE A BANDIT

TESS AND TIM STYMIE A STICK-UP

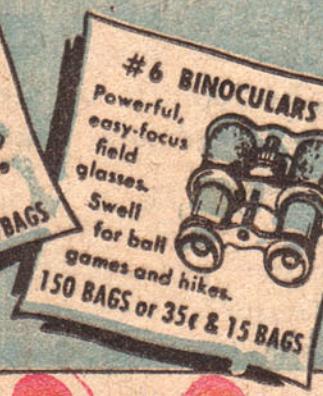
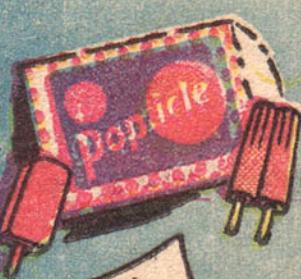
HOWDY, YOUNGSTERS! WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU... LOOKS REAL, DOESN'T IT?



GET SWELL GIFTS...SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

...or any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" or "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



The **ONE-EYED GIANT**

"**N**O, NO, SIGNOR," the Sicilian peasant pleaded. "Do not go any higher... the Cyclopes are known to live up there in the caves."

Enoch Fogsworth laughed contemptuously at the terrified guide he had hired to take him up the steep slopes of 10,000-foot-high Mt. Etna. "You superstitious fool! The Cyclopes are fictitious, legendary creatures!"

"No, they are real! There is a race of one-eyed giants twenty feet tall living in those caves! They existed many thousands of years ago when Homer first wrote about them...and their descendants still live today. And...and they devour all humans foolish enough to wander into their territory. You can go higher...but I refuse to guide you!"

"Then go on back, you blathering idiot," Fogsworth roared. "I'll go on by myself. But I won't pay you a single lira for your services, because the understanding was that you would take me wherever I asked."

The Sicilian stared at him with hot, angry eyes. "You are a greedy cheat of a man...and I hope the Cyclopes get you!"

Fogsworth watched the Sicilian turn and head down the slope. "The fool," he thought, "he didn't even know I was only looking for an excuse not to pay him. Ha...I got rich through cheating, and that's the way I stay rich. This sightseeing tour would cost me twice as much if I didn't cheat these Europeans right and left. But now I may as well go ahead... I'll be quite a hero when I get back to England and tell everyone I explored the caves where the legendary Cyclopes were supposed to live!"

Half an hour later, Enoch Fogsworth was surprised to hear the bleating of

sheep emanating from one of the enormous caves ahead. "Strange," he muttered, "the Cyclopes were supposed to keep sheep in their caves! Maybe those legends are true...but nonsense...they can't be! I'll probably find an ordinary shepherd inside."

But there was no human at all inside the cave, only a flock of bleating sheep milling around. Suddenly, as Fogsworth explored the cavern further...he heard another sound, the awful pounding of mighty footsteps approaching the entrance.

Horrified, Fogsworth whirled...and saw the monstrous shape of a twenty-foot-tall giant filling the mouth of the cave. And to his abject terror, Fogsworth noted that the monster had a single, enormous eye glowing in the center of his forehead!

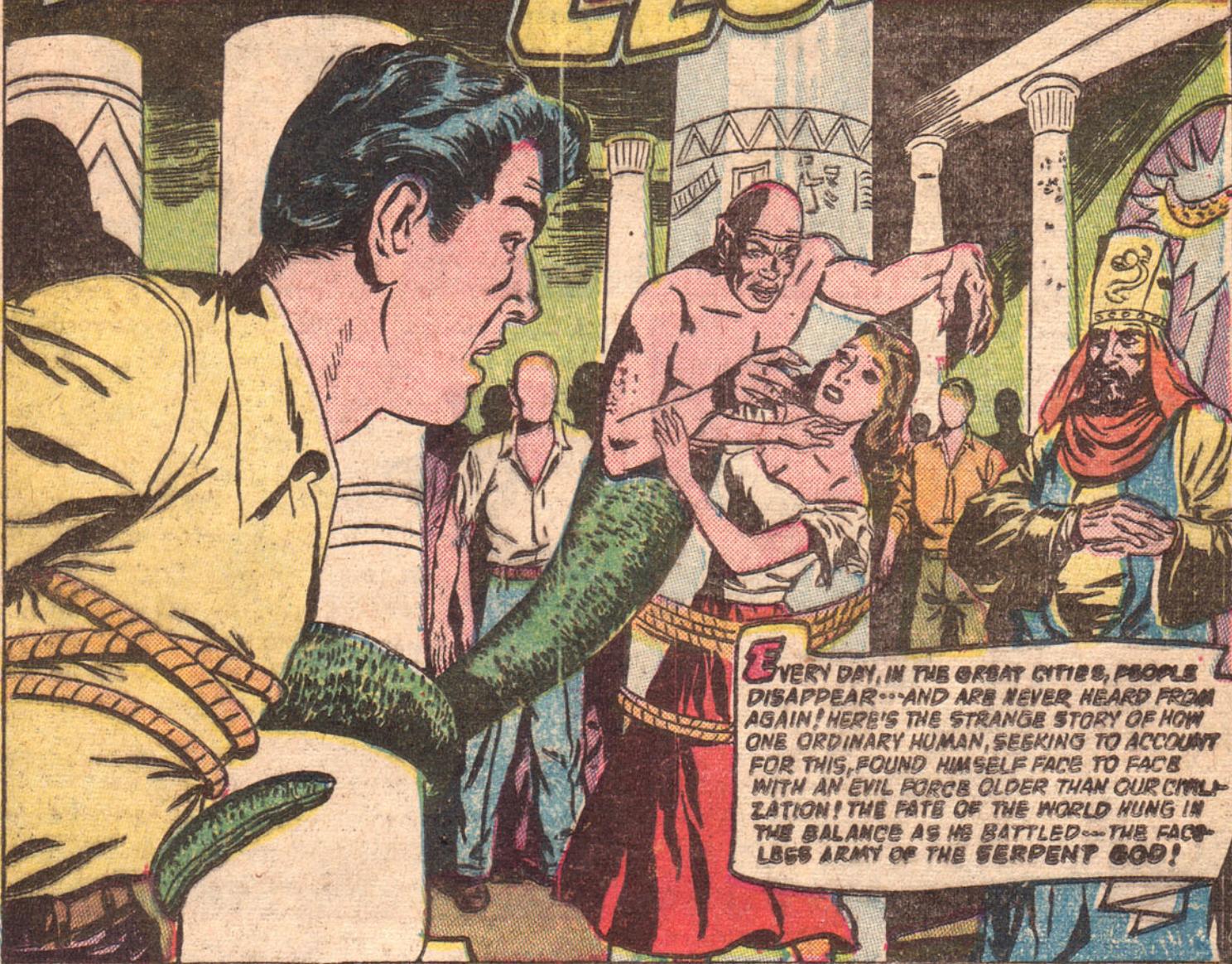
"The Cyclopes!" Fogsworth gasped in fear. "It...it's true...they...they exist!"

Now the giant was urging his flock of sheep out of the cave, and a terrified thought flashed through Fogsworth's mind. "Maybe he's going to stretch out in the cave for a nap! It...it's only about twenty-five feet long...he'd be sure to notice me! I...I've got to get out...fast!"

Suddenly, Fogsworth recalled how Ulysses had escaped the Cyclopes in Homer's ancient saga...by hiding under the stomach of a sheep as it left the cave. Desperate, Fogsworth crouched as low as he could in the center of the flock of sheep...and joined them in running out of the cave.

But a minute later, far below, the Sicilian peasant heard a human's shriek of terror and agony echoing from above... and he knew that the man who had cheated him had not been able to escape the Cyclopes' wrath!

The FACELESS LEGION



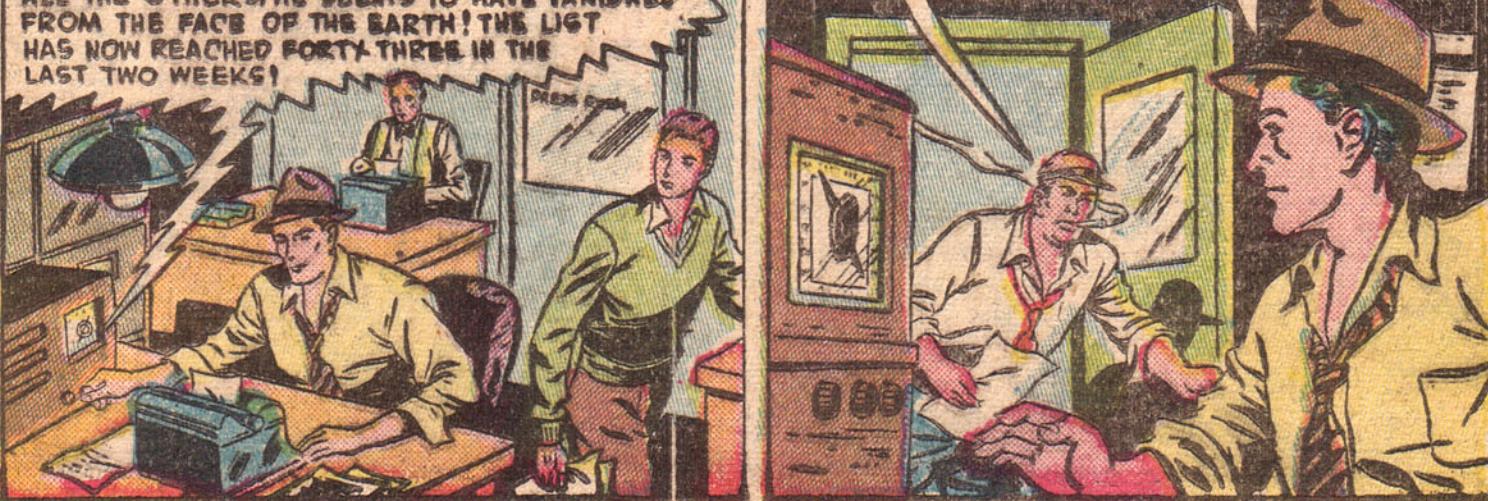
EVERY DAY, IN THE GREAT CITIES, PEOPLE DISAPPEAR... AND ARE NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN! HERE'S THE STRANGE STORY OF HOW ONE ORDINARY HUMAN, SEEKING TO ACCOUNT FOR THIS, FOUND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH AN EVIL FORCE OLDER THAN OUR CIVILIZATION! THE FATE OF THE WORLD HUNG IN THE BALANCE AS HE BATTLED... THE FACELESS ARMY OF THE SERPENT GOD!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET...

TODAY SAW ANOTHER IN THE LIST OF STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES THAT HAVE BEEN BAFFLING THE POLICE OF THIS CITY! JEREMY WALLACE, TWENTY-FIVE, LEFT HIS OFFICE THIS EVENING TO RETURN TO HIS HOME, BUT NEVER ARRIVED THERE! LIKE ALL THE OTHERS, HE SEEMS TO HAVE VANISHED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH! THE LIST HAS NOW REACHED FORTY-THREE IN THE LAST TWO WEEKS!

IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO, BANKS? YOU HAVEN'T BROUGHT IN A DECENT STORY FOR A MONTH!

I'M NOT STALLING, CHIEF... I'M TRYING TO GET AN ANGLE ON THESE DISAPPEARANCES! THERE'S A REAL STORY HERE, IF I CAN BREAK IT!



OKAY, BANKS! YOU ASKED FOR IT! GO OUT AND BREAK THIS THING---OR YOU'RE THROUGH HERE!

--SO THAT'S THE STORY, PEGGY! EITHER I SOLVE THIS MYSTERY, OR I'M OUT OF A JOB!

WELL DO IT TOGETHER, JIM! WHAT A STORY IT WILL MAKE! AND... WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET MARRIED ON THE BONUS!

AND SO THEY INTERVIEWED THE FAMILIES OF THE MISSING PEOPLE! BUT NOT A SINGLE CLUE, UNTIL ...

HARRY JUST UP AND DISAPPEARED FROM THIS VERY ROOM! THE ONLY THING I NOTICED WHEN I CAME HOME WAS A STRANGE KIND OF ODOR...

STRANGE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I DON'T KNOW---SOMETHING LIKE---WELL, SOMETHING LIKE THE SMELL OF AN OLD GRAVEYARD!

IT WAS ONLY A SLIGHT LEAD---BUT IT GAVE JIM BANKS AN IDEA!

IT'S WILD, BUT IT MIGHT WORK! WELL GET A DOG... AND HOPE IT PICKS UP THE TRAIL!

SUTTON
KENNELS
BLOODHOUND
ENTRANCE

THE TRAIL STARTED FROM THE OFFICE OF JEREMY WALLACE, MOST RECENT VICTIM OF THE ODD DISAPPEARANCES! THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY THEY WENT, GAPED AT BY PASSERS-BY, UNTIL, LATE THAT NIGHT...

THE BLOODHOUND---HE'S BROKEN AWAY! ALMOST AS IF HE SENSED SOMETHING INSIDE THAT WAREHOUSE THAT TERRIFIED HIM!

WHATEVER IT IS --- I'M GOING IN, PEGGY!

BETTER LET ME GO ALONE! HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT I MAY FIND INSIDE!

UH-UH---I'M COMING ALONG! THIS STORY... AND YOUR JOB... ARE JUST AS IMPORTANT TO ME AS THEY ARE TO YOU!

CONROY BROS. WAREHOUSE

AND SO THEY ENTERED... TO HORROR! TO A SUDDEN, DEADLY ONSLAUGHT BY MEN... WITHOUT FACES!

JIM! HELP ME!

GOOD LORD! THESE THINGS ---THEY...THEY CAN'T BE HUMAN!

THEY'RE... TOO MANY FOR ME...



OVERCOME BY THEIR FACELESS CAPTORS, JIM AND PEGGY WERE DRAGGED TO A CELL DEEP WITHIN THE OLD WAREHOUSE! THERE...

THESE ARE SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO DISAPPEARED! BUT WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

THEY...THEY GOT ME WHEN I WAS COMING OUT OF MY HOUSE... I NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT ME... WHAT'S... GOING TO HAPPEN TO US?



YOU'RE WALLACE, AREN'T YOU? HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

NO! THOSE-- CREA- TURES COME IN EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE AND TAKE A COUPLE OF US AWAY! WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT I'VE BEEN TRYING NOT TO THINK ABOUT!



LATER...

THESE CREEPS ARE TAKING US SOMEWHERE! BUT DON'T WORRY...WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS SOMEHOW!

I'M... AFRAID, JIM!



THROUGH THE MUSTY CORRIDORS... INTO A RESPLENDENT HIDDEN CHAMBER! AND THERE, A FANTASTIC SIGHT... AS IF FROM SOME LONG-DEAD WORLD OF ANCIENT TERROR...

O GREAT MANO RA
...O SERPENT-GOD...

HERE ARE MORE SERVANTS FOR YOU! COME DOWN FROM THE LAND BENEATH THE SUN
...AND RECEIVE THEM!

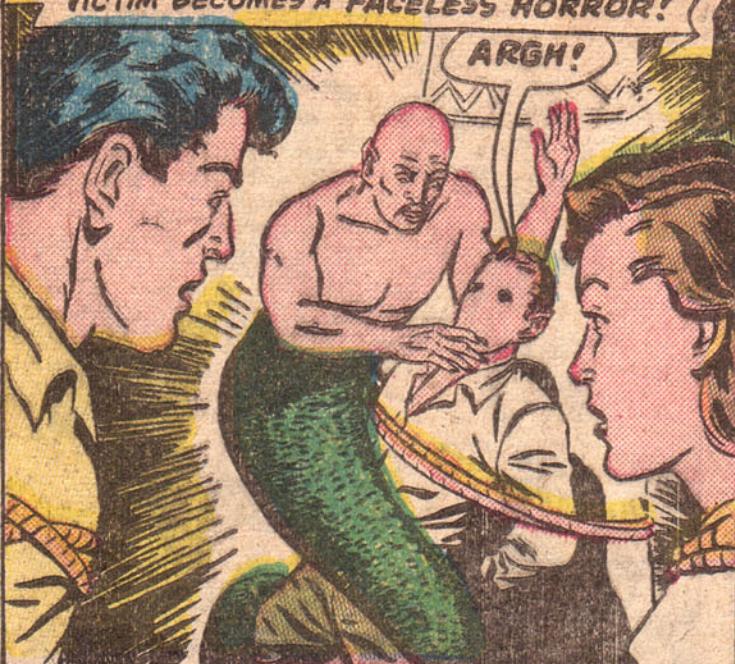


AS IF IN ANSWER... AN AWFUL APPARITION!

IT IS GOOD!
LET THE FIRST BE BROUGHT TO ME!



A TOUCH OF THE SERPENT-GOD'S COILS--AND THE VICTIM BECOMES A FACELESS HORROR!



THE SERPENT GOLD TURNS TO PEGGY--AND DESPERATION LENDS JIM STRENGTH!



BUT BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF SUPERIOR NUMBERS-->

NOW YOU SHALL SUFFER AS NO MAN HAS EVER SUFFERED BEFORE! OUR GOD, MANO RA, HAS COME TO EARTH TO SET UP HIS KINGDOM--AND I AM HIS HIGH PRIEST! THE TOUCH OF MANO RA MAKES THE CHOSEN ONE HIS SERVANT FOR ETERNITY! SOON WE SHALL HAVE AN ARMY LARGE ENOUGH TO CONTROL THE EARTH--

LET THE GIRL GO! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME, DON'T TOUCH HER!

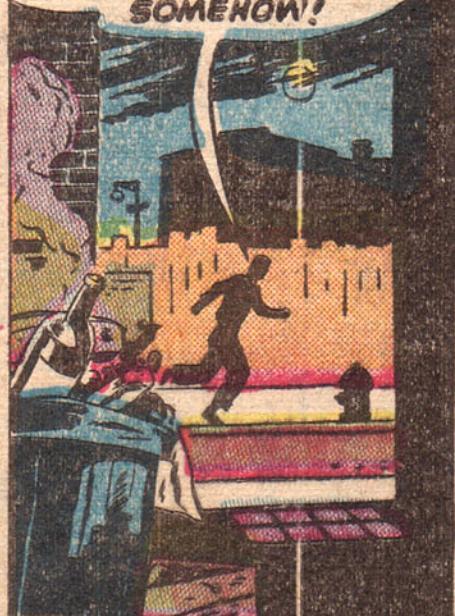
OH, NO! FOR DARING TO ATTACK ME, YOU WILL WATCH AS THE GIRL IS CHANGED INTO A FACELESS THING, WITH NO WILL EXCEPT MINE TO GUIDE HER!



HIS PEGGY'S FACE VANISHES BENEATH THE SERPENT'S TOUCH, JIM BREAKS LOOSE--HURTLING TOWARD ESCAPE!



I...COULD GO TO THE POLICE... BUT WHAT CAN THEY DO AGAINST THE SUPERNATURAL? BUT I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER... SOMEHOW!



I'VE GOT IT! THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN LIVING WHO CAN HELP ME --DOCTOR BRAMAH!



DOCTOR BRAMAH ... THE EXPERT WHO KNOWS MORE
ABOUT THE OCCULT THAN ANY MAN ALIVE!

IT'S FORTUNATE THAT YOU WERE
ABLE TO COME TO **ME**! LAST
YEAR, IN INDIA, I CAME ACROSS
A FAKIR WHO HAD HIMSELF ONCE
BEEN UNDER THE SPELL OF MANO
RA ... AND ESCAPED! HE GAVE ME
A POWDER WHICH CAN BREAK THE
SPELL OF THE **SERPENT-GOD**
---BUT WOULD YOU HAVE THE
COURAGE TO COME CLOSE
ENOUGH TO APPLY IT?

I MUST
FREE PEGGY
---NO MATTER
WHAT THE
RISK!

ARMED WITH THE MYSTERIOUS POWDER, JIM RUSHED
BACK TO THE WAREHOUSE, ---DARING TO HOPE, NOW
THAT HE HAD A WEAPON! BUT...

THE PLACE IS
EMPTY!
THEY'VE FLED, ALL OF
THEM! I... I'VE GOT
TO FOLLOW!

ONCE MORE, JIM CALLED THE BLOOD-
HOUND INTO PLAY! BUT THE TRAIL LED
NO FURTHER THAN THE DOCKS!

DID A SHIP
SAIL FROM
HERE
RECENTLY?

JUST AN HOUR
AGO! A STRANGE
KIND OF CRAFT,
LIKE NOTHING
AFOAT I'VE
EVER SEEN...
CALLED THE
SATANIA!

NOW THERE'S SOMETHING
THE POLICE **CAN** DO! IF
I CAN GET A PLANE TO
SCOUT THE VESSEL
FROM THE AIR---

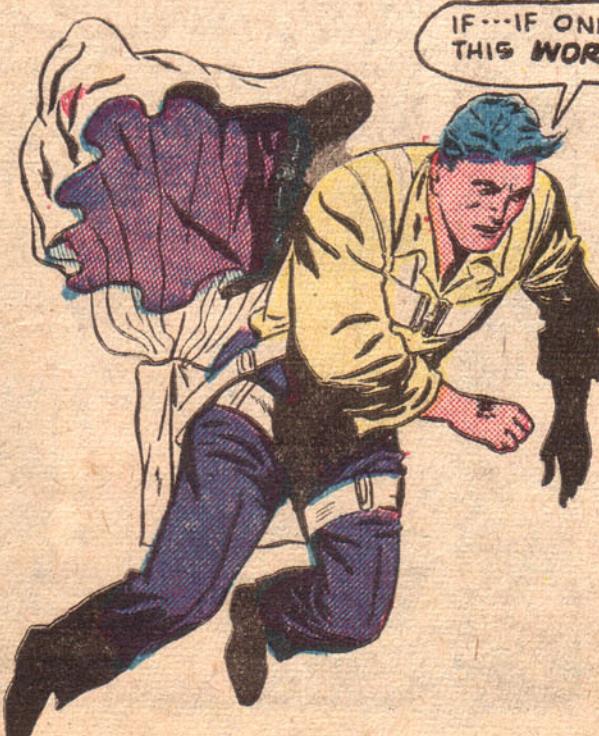
THE POLICE PLANE, WITH JIM ON
BOARD, MADE A SEARCH OF THE
NEARBY WATERS...

LOOK... DOWN
THERE! I'VE NEVER
SEEN A SHIP LIKE
THAT!

I'M BETTING
THAT'S IT! I'LL
PARACHUTE
DOWN!

IF... IF ONLY
THIS WORKS!

MADE IT! IT SEEMS DESERTED
---LIKE THE WAREHOUSE! NOW
TO FIND THE **SERPENT-**
GOD!



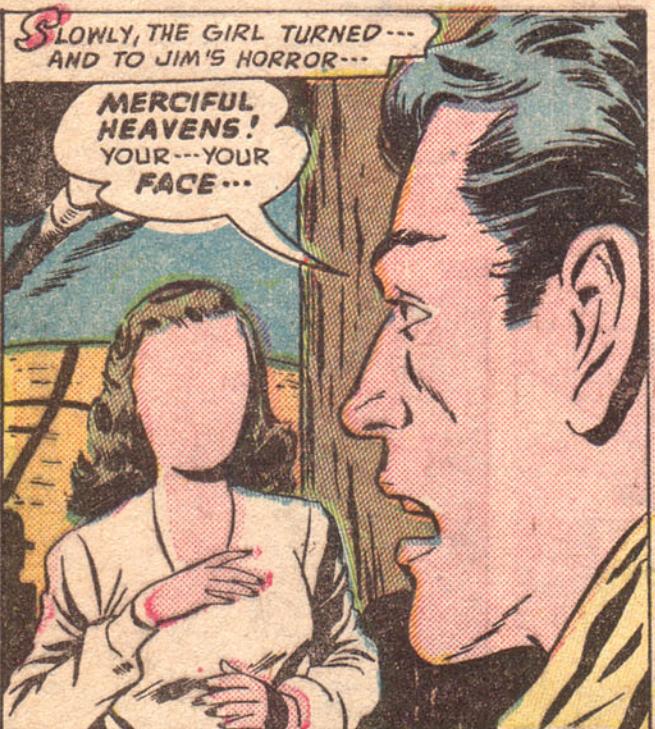
BUT--WHERELL I
FIND HIM? IF ONLY
THERE WERE SOME-
ONE AROUND I COULD
GET A LEAD FROM--

PEGGY!



SLOWLY, THE GIRL TURNED--
AND TO JIM'S HORROR--

MERCIFUL
HEAVENS!
YOUR--YOUR
FACE...



SUDDENLY-- HOW FOOLISH OF
YOU TO HAVE SOUGHT
US OUT AGAIN! YOU'LL
PAY FOR IT--BY DEATH!

ONE OF US IS
GOING TO DIE
-- THAT'S
FOR SURE!

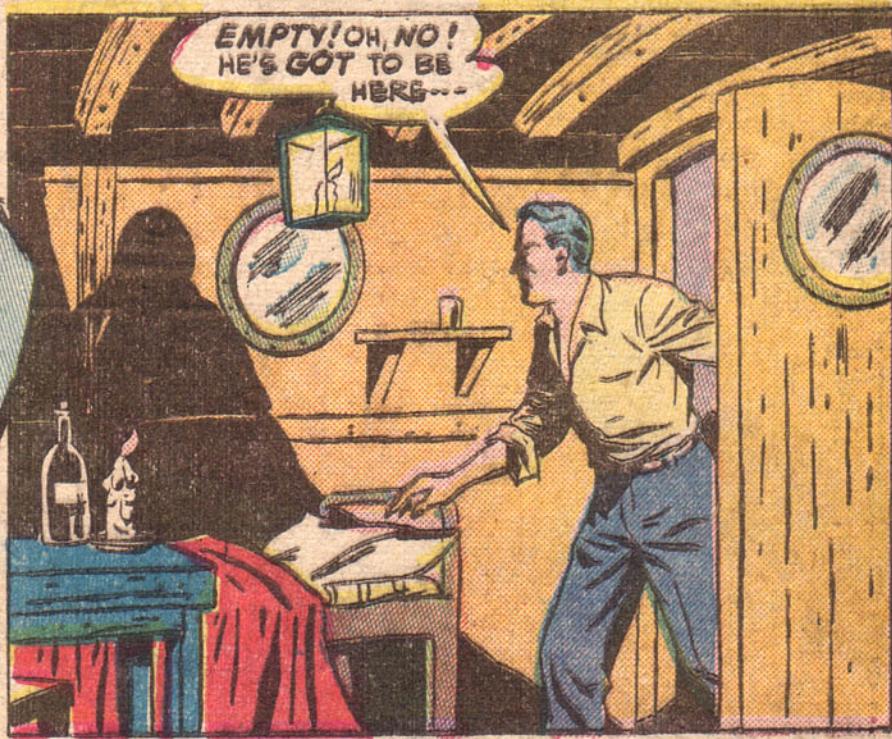
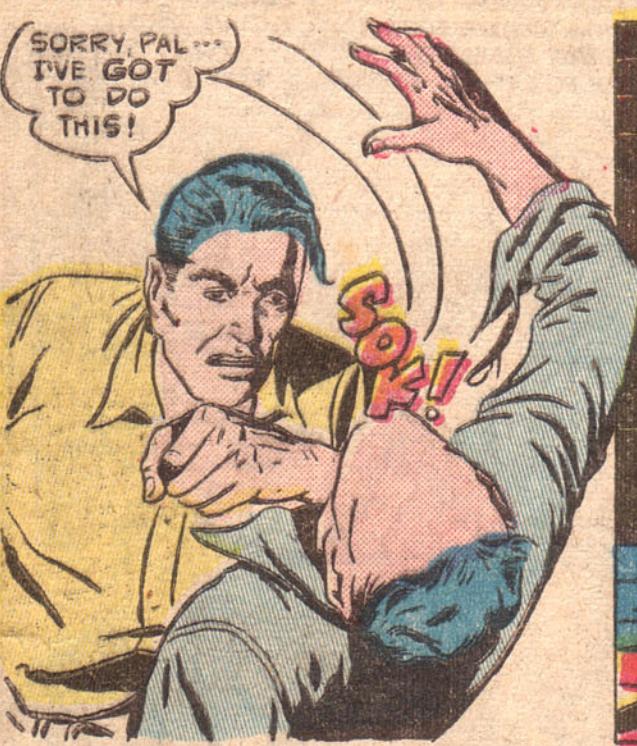


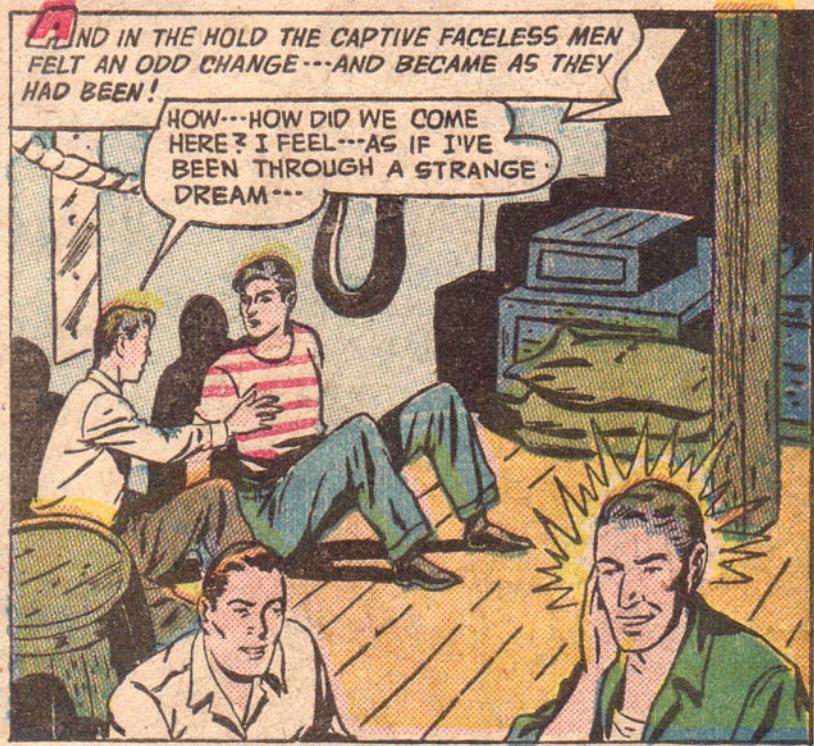
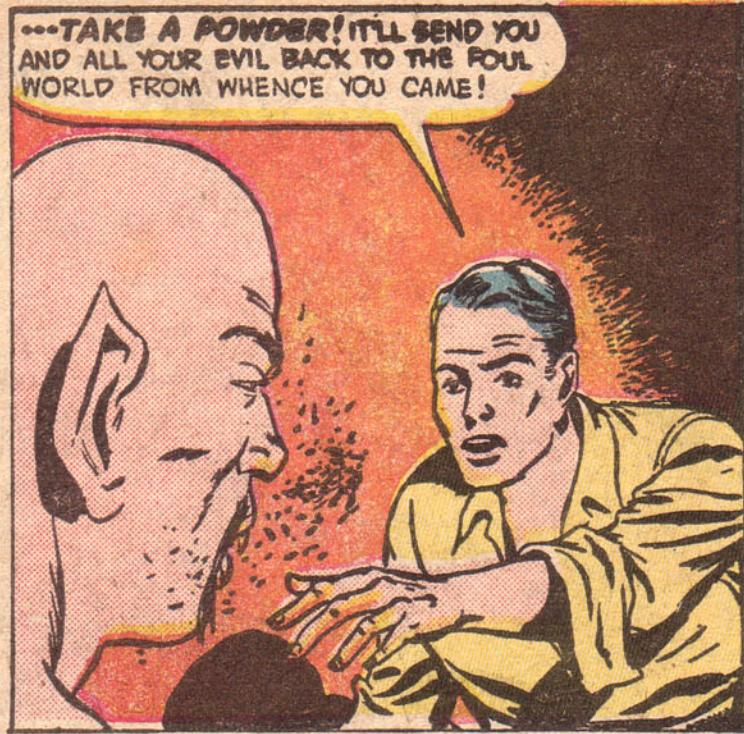
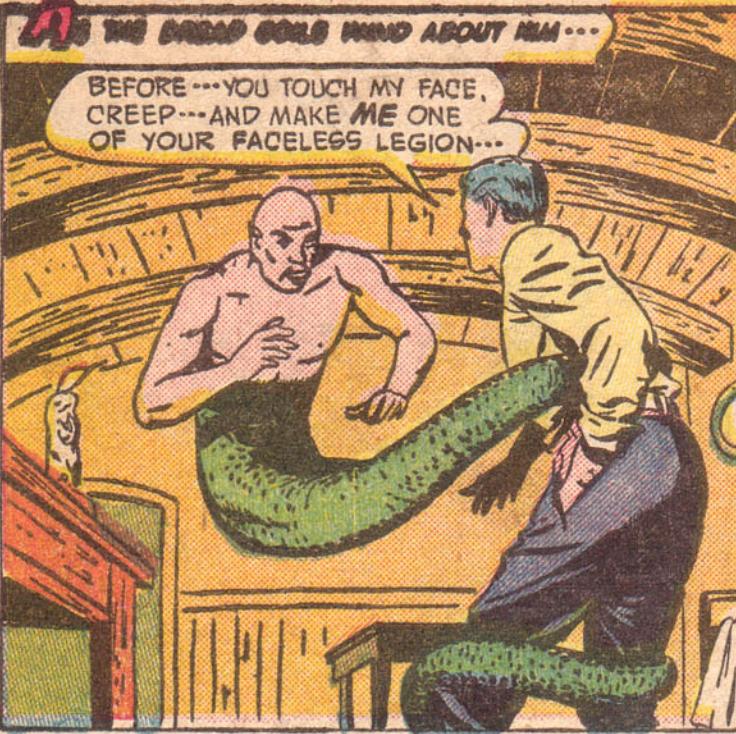
©
©
---AND IT'S GOING
TO BE YOU!



THINK SO? YOU'LL FEEL MY KNIFE
NOW!--SO PERISH ALL WHO DARE
OPPOSE THE
POWER OF
MANO
RA!







This never happened to your bike before!

The ALL new

U.S. ROYAL RIDER



"JET-RIDE"

*Quicker on the getaway...
faster on the straightaway...
exciting new Pedal Power!*

- Pedals twice as easy as any other balloon tire model! Gives you Pedal Power that does what pedal-pumping once did. It's the "jet ride" design that does it! And you can coast 165% farther!
- Lasts Twice as Long as ordinary bike tires! Extra-tough rubber tread backed up by 3 layers of Super-strong Rayon. That's what makes it last!
- Maneuvers like a "lightweight"—Special Steering Treads (narrow and streamlined) for real bike control.
- Grips and Holds the Road in all directions! The new Royal Rider tread clings on the curves—stops on a dime!

Be the first in your neighborhood with Royal Riders. Step away from the gang with "Jet Ride" today!



U.S. ROYAL

**BICYCLE
TIRES**

PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

ANOTHER MONTH HAS rolled around...which means it's time for the event that we've been anticipating so eagerly...that grand occasion when we have the welcome opportunity to get together with the greatest people we know. You've guessed it...we're referring to the loyal fans and faithful supporters of that great magazine of the supernatural..."*Adventures into The Unknown*".

It seems like only yesterday that we launched this publication, predicated its future on the hope and faith that burned bright within us. Ours was the hope that America would welcome what then seemed like a daring experiment...a magazine of thrilling picture stories devoted entirely and exclusively to the far-flung supernatural. And the faith that sustained us was that readers would recognize and respond to quality in the presentation of gripping tales of the imagination. And the years which have intervened since that first pioneering publication have been fruitful ones. Yes, we've seen a dream come true...and the resounding victory of a policy which insisted on only the best in challenging story and dramatic art. In response to this policy, "*Adventures into The Unknown*" has become the greatest magazine of its type in publishing history, with circulation swelling beyond nationwide proportions and spreading to the

far corners of the globe. And since nothing succeeds like success, it has known a host of imitators. But such competition has only served, by contrast, to accent the fine and inimitable quality of the type of stories we are striving to bring you.

Our current issue should help to demonstrate this point. We've assembled a galaxy of real thrillers, and we think you'll like them. "*The Haunt of Evil*" is a startling story of a life which survived death, longing for the peace of the grave. It will serve as a challenge through countless midnights...an eerie challenge you'll never forget. "*The Faceless Legion*" is pulse-stirring, spine-tingling...and its weird serpent-god may well prove hypnotic in the weird fascination it exercises. "*Beyond The Door Of Death*" deals tensely with the strange subject of reincarnation...and "*The World Of The Weird*" is a gripping yarn which gives full play to awe-inspiring imagination. And, finally, "*The Crawling Corpse*" rounds out an all-star issue with a collection of thrills you'll long remember!

Write and tell us what you think of this issue, please...we'll publish your letter if we have space! Address it to The Editor, "*Adventures into The Unknown*", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. And here's what a few other readers think:

"Dear Editor:

I've always been a fan of supernatural stories, but '*Adventures into The Unknown*' is the only comics magazine I know of that publishes stories worthy of comparison with the greatest horror classics ever written. Keep up your grand work!

—Warren Kellogg, Elmwood Park, Ill.

"Dear Editor:

I think '*Adventures into The Unknown*' is the greatest book of its kind on the stands. I send it regularly to my husband in Germany, who shares my fine opinion. All my friends read it, too. Keep your wonderful issues coming...they're great!

—Mrs. J. B. Hollis, Indianapolis, Ind.

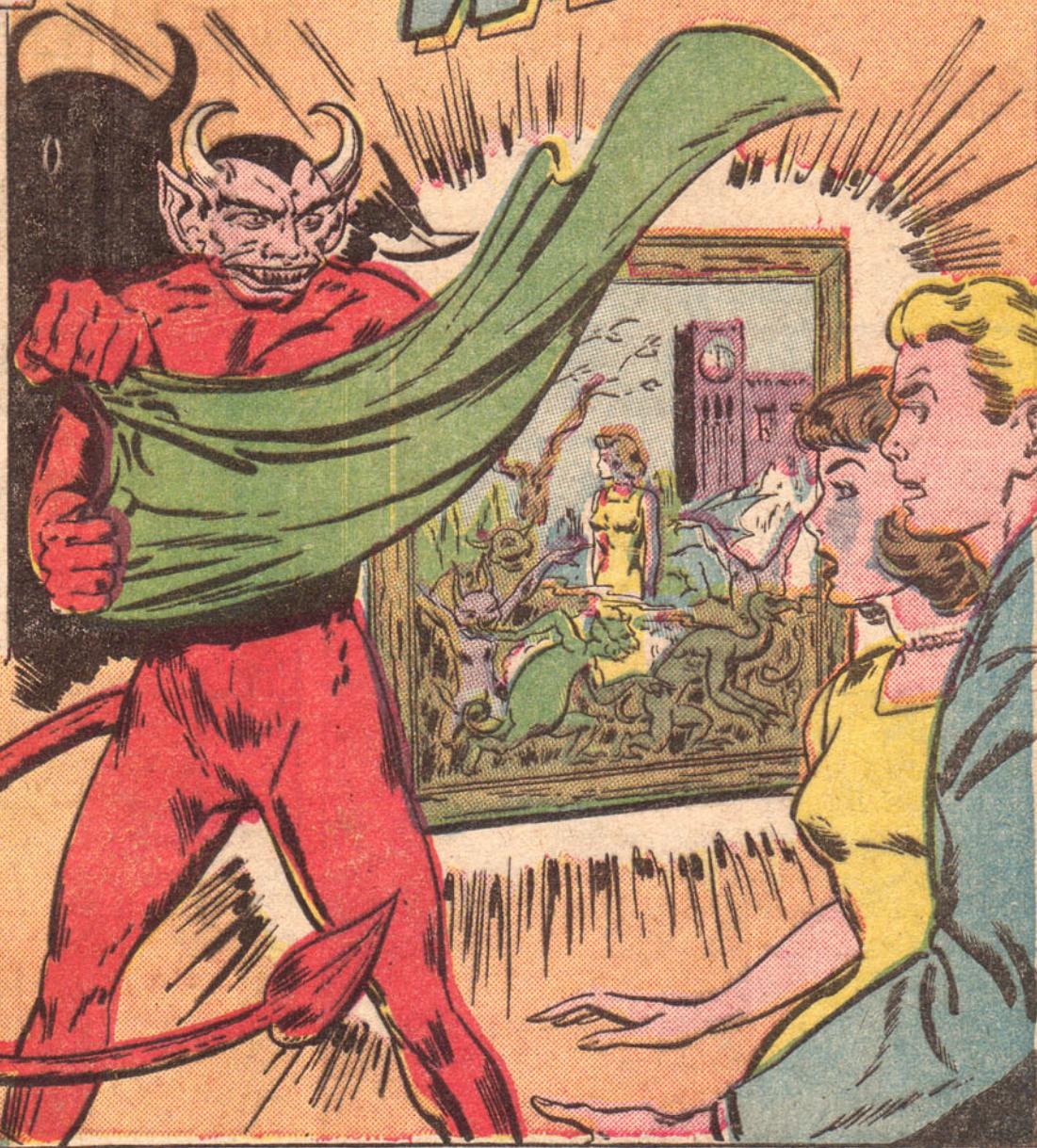
"Dear Editor:

I like to read supernatural magazines, and have read a lot of them...but '*Adventures into The Unknown*' is by far the best of them all! You've got a steady customer in me, and I'm telling my friends about your great stories. No doubt about it...you've got the best comic in the business!"

—Scott Frampton, Chatham, Ont.

The WORLD of the WEIRD

DOES THE DEVIL LIVE--
SETTING HIS SNARES
IN THE EVERLASTING
DARKNESS OF EVIL--
LURKING IN THE FOR-
BIDDEN SHADOWS
THROUGH WHICH SOME
HUMANS ARE DOOMED
TO WANDER? IN THIS
STORY, TIME AND SPACE
BECOME A HAUNTED
ABYSS FILLED WITH
THE FADING CRIES OF
LOST SOULS--TRAPPED
FOR AN ETERNITY OF
HORROR IN
THE WORLD
OF THE
WEIRD!

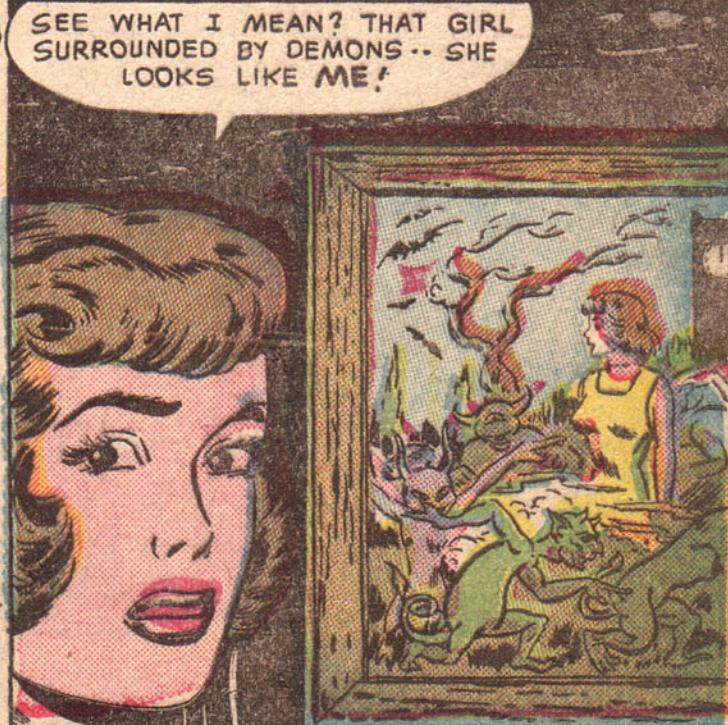
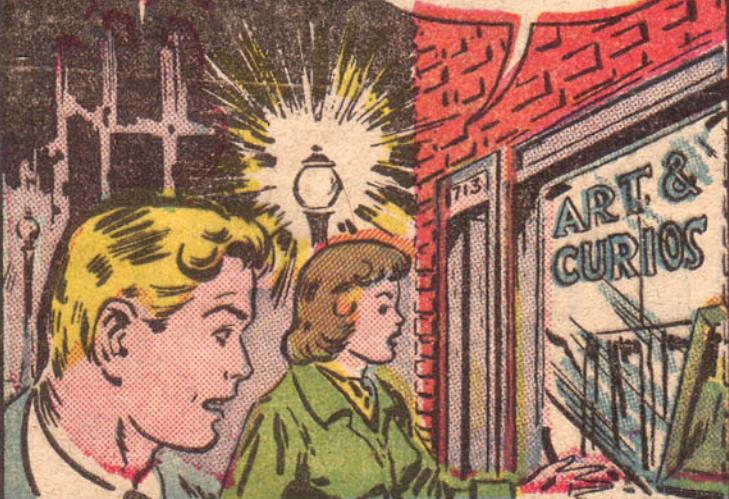


ONE NIGHT--ALONG A DESERTED DOWNTOWN STREET--

COME ON, HONEY--THERE'S BUT, FRED--TAKE A
A LIMIT TO WINDOW LOOK AT THAT
SHOPPING! IT'S NEARLY FANTASTIC PAINTING!
TWELVE O'CLOCK!

THREE
ART & CURIOS
713
THERE'S SOMETHING
INCREDIBLE
ABOUT IT!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? THAT GIRL
SURROUNDED BY DEMONS--SHE
LOOKS LIKE ME!



HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS--BARELY MOVING
SAVE FOR A MOCKING CHUCKLE--

YES--YES-- SHE DOES LOOK LIKE YOU!
WAIT-- KEEP STARING AT THOSE IN-
HUMAN CREATURES A BIT LONGER..
AND YOU'LL LEARN WHAT THE
RESEMBLANCE CAN MEAN TO ME!

IT'S JUST AN EERIE
COINCIDENCE, NANCY--
LET'S GO!

IT SEEMS TO
BE AN OLD
PAINTING--
AND WHAT AN
IMAGINATION
THE ARTIST
HAD-- TO
CREATE
CREEPS
LIKE
THOSE!

I CAN UNDER-
STAND THAT
PART, FRED--
BUT WHY
SHOULD THE
ONLY HUMAN
IN THE PICTURE
BE PRACTICALLY
MY DOUBLE?

SOON AFTERWARD--
LOOK, SWEETHEART--
I HATE TO SEE
THE EVENING WIND
UP LIKE THIS! YOU
STILL BROODING
ABOUT THAT
PICTURE?

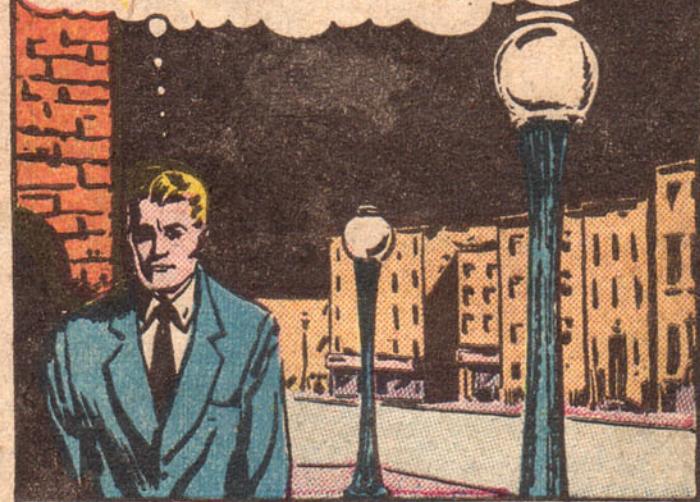
I JUST
RECALLED
ANOTHER
DETAIL, FRED!
THE TOWER
CLOCK POINTED
TO MIDNIGHT--
AND I CAN'T
HELP FEELING
THAT MEANS
SOMETHING!



JUST NOW, THE PAINTING'S AN
UNCANNY ENIGMA... BUT MAYBE
THAT CLOCK IS THE KEY, FRED--
A HINT THAT I SHOULD HAVE
ANOTHER LOOK AT THE
PICTURE-- AT
EXACTLY
TWELVE!

YOU'RE ATTACH-
ING TOO MUCH
IMPORTANCE TO
THAT OLD PIECE
OF JUNK, HONEY!
GET SOME REST--
AND FORGET IT!

I'M FAR MORE LEERY OF THAT PICTURE THAN
I'LL ADMIT TO NANCY! SHE ISN'T MERELY
PUZZLED-- SHE'S BEGINNING TO BE
FASCINATED-- AND FOR MY MONEY, THE
HANDS ON THAT CLOCK SPELL A WARNING!
TOMORROW I'M GOING TO STOP OFF
AT THE GALLERY-- AND ASK WHERE
THEY GOT THAT PAINTING!



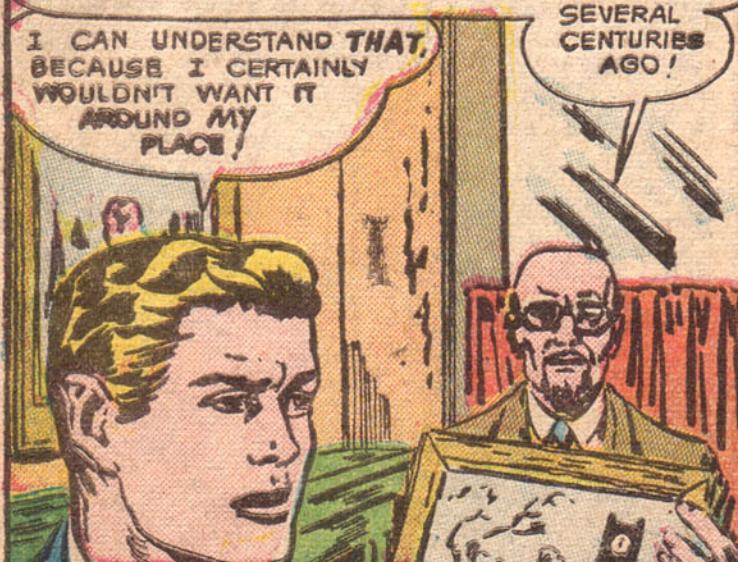
NEXT DAY-- AT THE GALLERY--

IT'S HARD TO TRACE, YOUNG MAN-- SINCE THE
CANVAS SEEMS TO HAVE PASSED THROUGH SCORES
OF HANDS SINCE IT LEFT THE ARTIST'S EASEL

I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT,
BECAUSE I CERTAINLY
WOULDN'T WANT IT
AROUND MY
PLACE!

SEVERAL
CENTURIES
AGO!

FRANKLY, IT WASN'T JUST THE FIEDISH
FIGURES IN THE PAINTING! EVERY PAST
OWNER SWORE THAT A DARK SCUTTLING
SHAPE SEEMED TO LURK NEAR THE SPOT
WHERE THE PAINTING WAS HUNG--
EVERY MIDNIGHT!

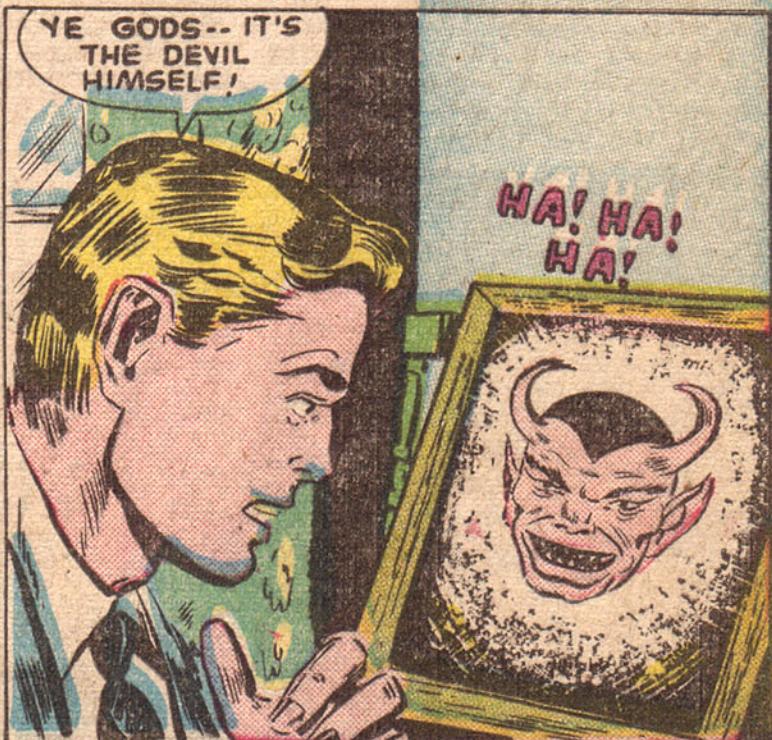
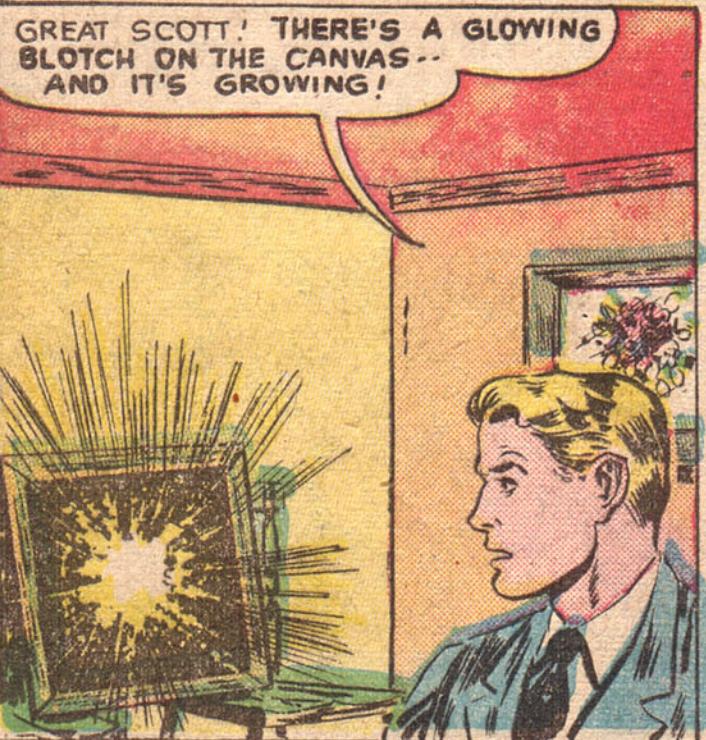
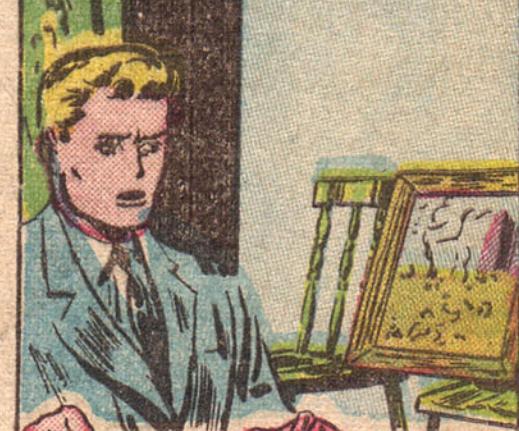
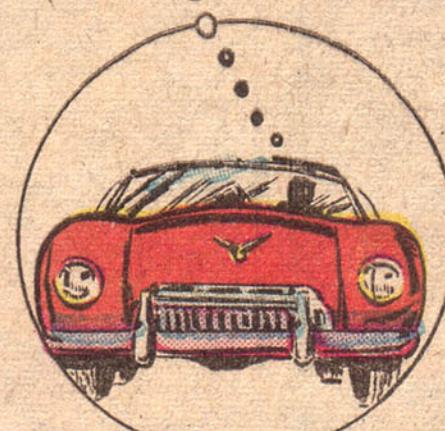


I DIDN'T HAVE A FULL REPORT ON THE PAINTING WHEN I BOUGHT IT -- BUT BELIEVE ME -- RIGHT NOW I'M READY TO GIVE IT AWAY!

OKAY! BEFORE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND -- I'LL TAKE IT!

GOSH KNOWS WHETHER THERE'S SOME KIND OF DIABOLICAL PURPOSE BEHIND THAT RESEMBLANCE -- BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES! TONIGHT I'M THROWING THIS THING INTO THE SEA -- AND I'M NOT WAITING UNTIL MIDNIGHT!

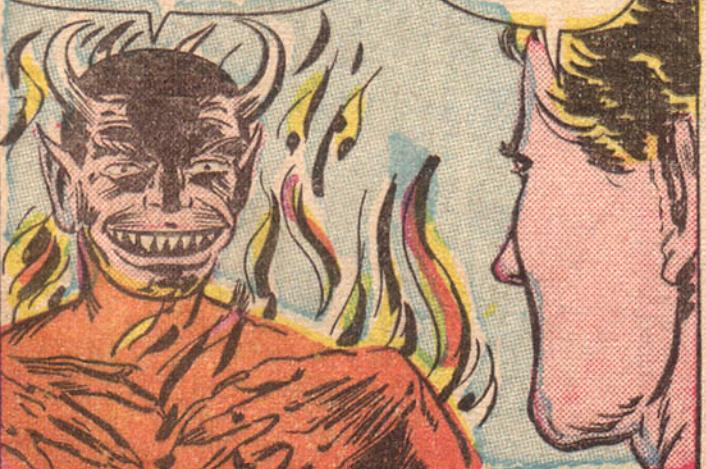
THAT NIGHT -- IT'S GETTING LATE -- BUT SOMEHOW I'M PROMPTED TO KEEP THE PAINTING AROUND JUST A WHILE LONGER -- AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



THEN -- IN A MONSTROUS MATERIALIZATION OF LIVING EVIL --

HAA! CALL ME BY THE NAME THAT HAS BEEN WHISPERED IN TONES OF DREAD SINCE TIME BEGAN -- SATAN!

I ... I MIGHT'VE KNOWN -- THE PICTURE'S EVEN MORE EVIL THAN IT LOOKS!

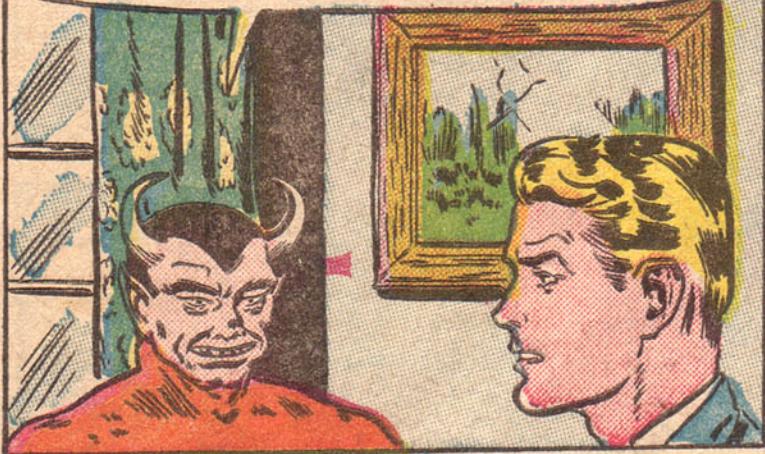


YES, FAR MORE! CENTURIES AGO, WHEN THE ADVOCATES OF BLACK MAGIC WERE BEING PUT TO DEATH -- I PLANNED MY WORLD OF THE WEIRD! IT WOULD BE PEOPLED BY MONSTERS -- THE SPIRITS OF THE WITCHES AND WIZARDS WHO HAD SERVED ME! I FORCED AN ARTIST TO PAINT MY EVIL WORLD -- EXACTLY AS I DESCRIBED IT -- AND THEN I STRUCK HIM DEAD!



EXCEPT IN ONE WAY! I HAD THE ARTIST INCLUDE A HUMAN FACE-- KNOWING THAT EVENTUALLY I WOULD FIND A GIRL EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE IN THE PICTURE! AND IF SHE COULD BE LURED INTO LOOKING AT THE PAINTING AT MIDNIGHT-- HER BODY WOULD DWINDLE-- AND MERGE WITH THE PAINTED FIGURE! A CREATURE WITH A SOUL WOULD HAVE ENTERED THE WORLD OF THE WEIRD-- GIVING IT LIFE THEREAFTER!

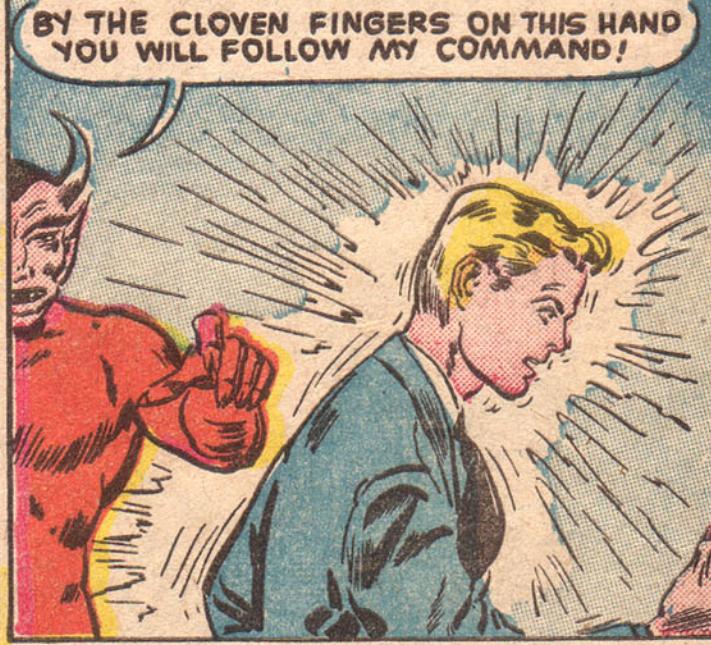
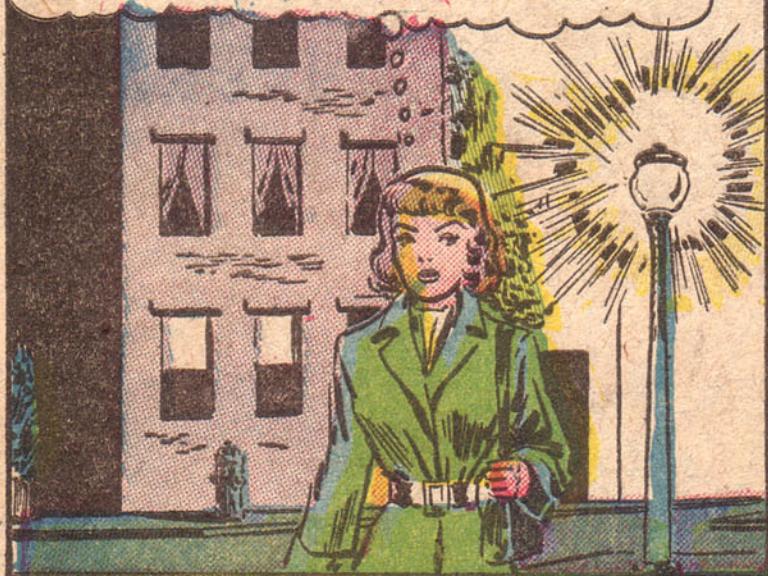
WITH ETERNITY AHEAD OF ME, TIME MEANT NOTHING! AT LAST I'VE FOUND THAT GIRL-- SHE WAS WITH YOU LAST NIGHT-- SHE'S COMING HERE NOW!



FRED WILL PROBABLY THINK IT'S SILLY-- BUT IF WE HURRY, WE CAN GET ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT PAINTING IN THE GALLERY-- AT MIDNIGHT! SOMETHING KEEPS URGING ME TO DO IT-- EVEN THOUGH THOSE FIENDS TERRIFY ME!

AS FRED DARTS TOWARD THE WINDOW-- THE CRY OF WARNING STIFLES IN HIS THROAT--

BY THE CLOVEN FINGERS ON THIS HAND YOU WILL FOLLOW MY COMMAND!



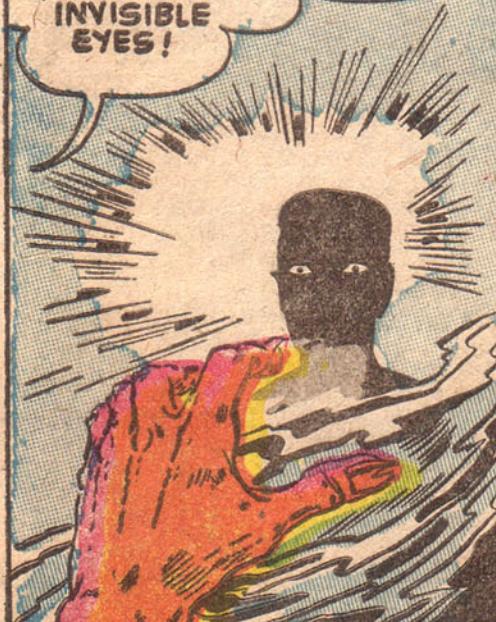
YOUR VOICE WILL BE MUTE-- YOUR BODY WILL FADE-- YOU WILL WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WITH INVISIBLE EYES!

A MOMENT LATER-- WITH FRED'S EYES STARING HELPLESSLY--

GOOD LORD! THAT DEMON'S DARTING BEHIND THE PICTURE AGAIN-- READY TO SET A TRAP FOR NANCY!

STRANGE FRED ISN'T HOME-- WITH HIS DOOR UNLOCKED! AND GOOD HEAVENS-- THERE'S THE PAINTING!

YOU WANTED TO SEE IT, DIDN'T YOU? COME CLOSER... CLOSER!



I KNOW THE PICTURE WON'T BE
A MYSTERY MUCH LONGER!
THERE'S A STRANGE PRESENCE
AROUND IT --
AND IT
HOLDS THE
ANSWER!

NANCY -- DON'T
GO NEAR IT! TURN
YOUR FACE AWAY--
IT'S NEARLY
MIDNIGHT!

BUT FRED'S FRANTIC VOICE
REMAINS UNHEARD -- AND IN
THE NEXT INSTANT...

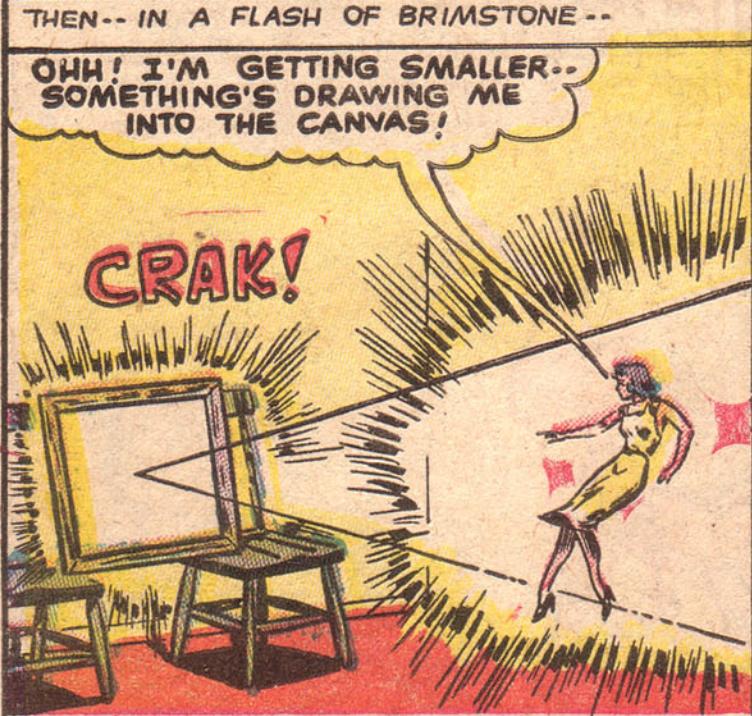
THE MOMENT HAS COME YOU
SHOULD HAVE FEARED!
NOW YOU WILL KNOW THE
WORLD OF THE WEIRD!

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE -- BUT THE
FIGURE THAT LOOKS LIKE ME
IS GIVING OFF AN EERIE GLOW!
I SHOULD GET A RAD -- BUT
I CAN'T TURN AWAY -- THE
PAINTING'S LIKE AN
UNCANNY MAGNET!



THEN -- IN A FLASH OF BRIMSTONE --

OH! I'M GETTING SMALLER..
SOMETHING'S DRAWING ME
INTO THE CANVAS!



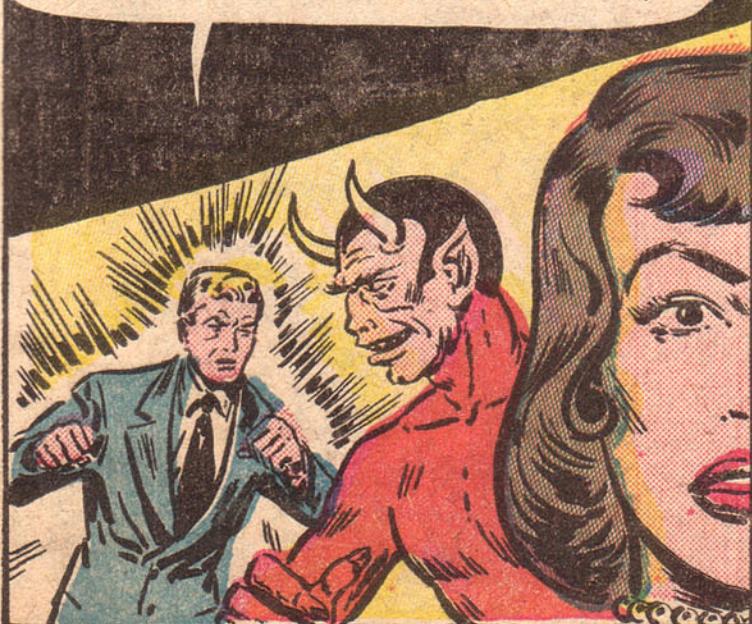
DESPERATELY, FRED WATCHES AS THE ENTIRE
ROOM SHUDDERS -- AND REALITY GIVES
WAY TO EVIL!

YE GODS -- THEY'RE VANISHING! SATAN'S
TAKING HER WITH HIM -- INTO THE
WORLD OF THE WEIRD!

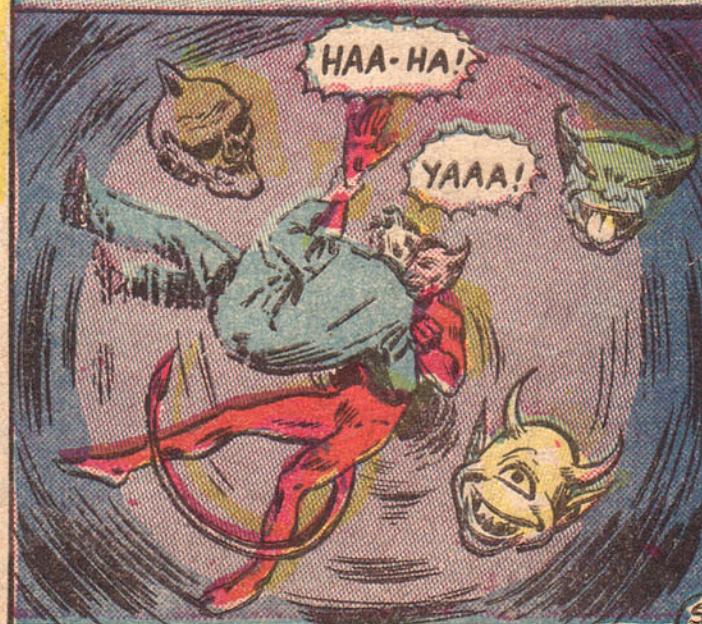


WITH A TREMENDOUS SURGE OF WILL POWER..

SHE MAY BE DOOMED, YOU FIEND -- BUT
NOT UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED WITH ME!



FOR A SECOND, THE STRUGGLE RAGES IN A
PLUNGE THROUGH ABYSMAL BLACKNESS --
ECHOING WITH THE HOWLS OF CREATURES
THAT HAVE FOUND LIFE!



THEN-- IN A WORLD WHOSE ONLY BOUNDARIES ARE HORROR--

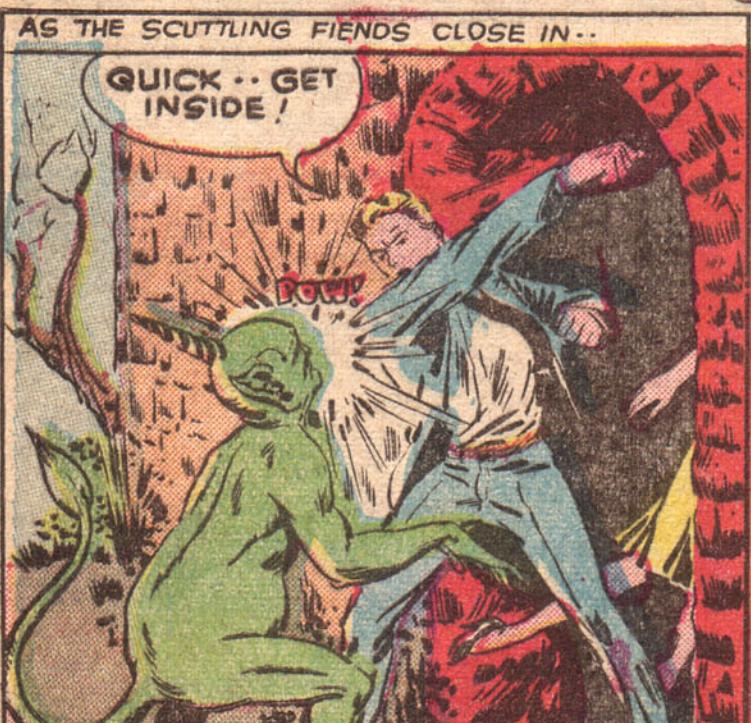
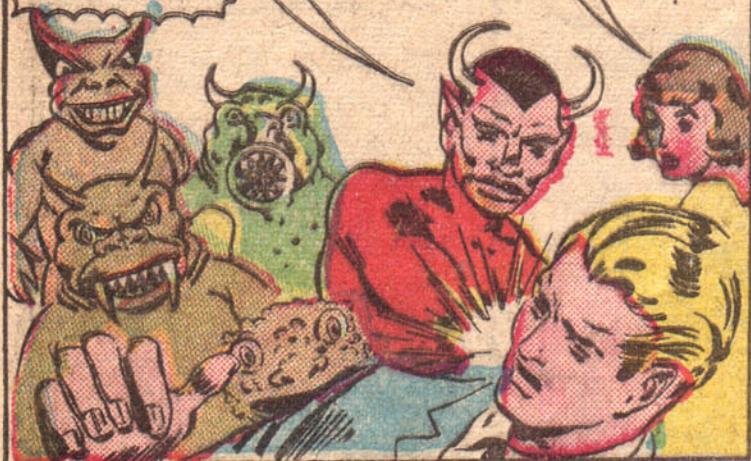
FOOL.. YOU'VE REACHED THE WORLD OF THE WEIRD-- AND THAT MEANS TERROR BEYOND YOUR WILDEST NIGHTMARE !

FRED! GOOD HEAVENS.. I'VE BROUGHT US BOTH INTO THIS LIVING CURSE !

YAA-HA-HA!

SPEAK, FIENDS! WHAT WILL OUR FIRST ACT OF EVIL BE?-- NOW THAT THE WORLD OF THE WEIRD IS OURS?

CHANGE HER, SATAN! SHE WILL BE HERE FOREVER-- WHY SHOULD SHE BE DIFFERENT-- GIVE HER THE FACE OF A MONSTER!



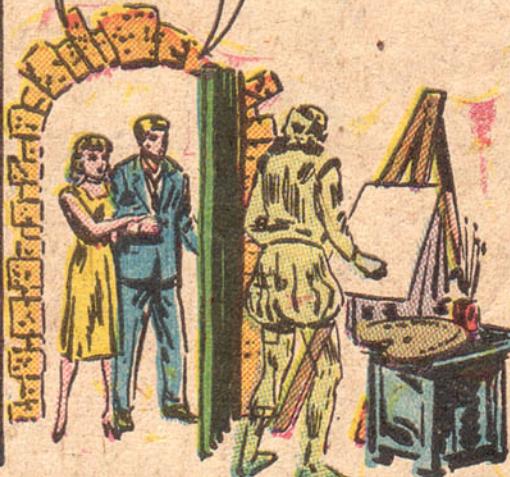
TRAP OR NOT, NANCY.. SOMEONE'S UP THERE.. LISTEN!

HA-HA-HA! SATAN THE CRAFTY -- SATAN THE PRINCE OF ALL EVIL-- AND I'VE TRICKED HIM!

OH, FRED... IT'S A GHOST!

KEEP YOUR HEAD, HONEY! FROM WHAT SATAN TOLD ME.. THIS MUST BE THE SPIRIT OF THE ARTIST WHO WAS FORCED TO PAINT THAT PICTURE!

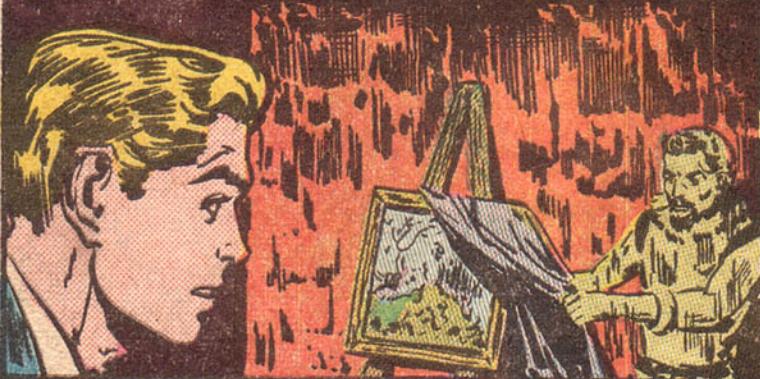
YES-- AND I OUTWITTED HIM! I REALIZED THAT SOME DAY EVERYTHING IN MY PAINTING WAS DESTINED TO COME TO LIFE! THEN I GOT AN IDEA.. I INCLUDED MYSELF IN THE CANVAS -- PAINTING ONLY A SINGLE ARM AT THE BARRED TOWER WINDOW, TO PREVENT SATAN FROM GUESsing IT WAS I!



THEN I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE HANDS ON THE TOWER CLOCK! YOU KNEW WHAT MIDNIGHT WOULD MEAN TO SATAN'S VICTIM -- AND YOU DID YOUR BEST TO GIVE A WARNING!

IT WAS A VAGUE CLUB -- AND ONE I FEARED WOULD GO UNHEeded! THAT IS WHY I PAINTED THIS-- A DUPLICATE OF SATAN'S CURSED CANVAS!

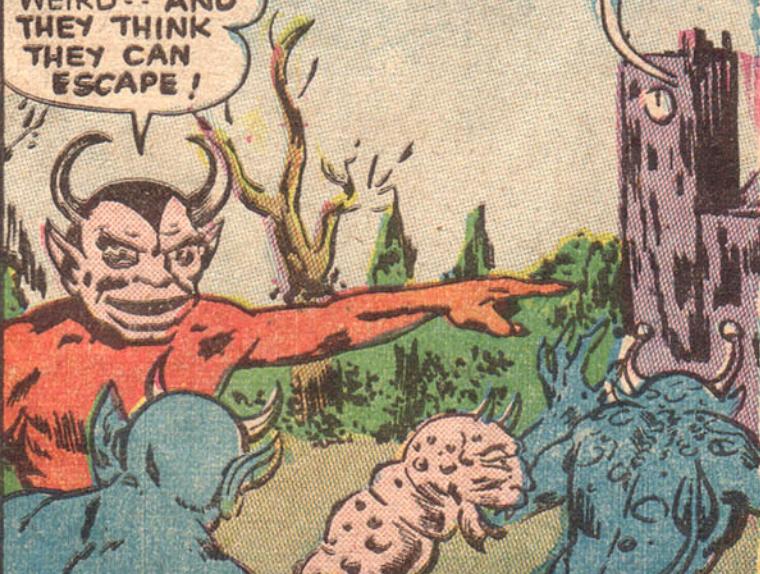
THESE ARE THE SHAPES OF TERROR SATAN FORCED ME TO CREATE -- WHILE I WAS STILL ALIVE -- BUT THE COPY WAS MADE BY MY PHANTOM HAND -- THE CREATURES WERE ENVISIONED BY A WILL THEY CANNOT CONTROL -- A WILL THAT CAN DESTROY THEM AS READILY AS IT BROUGHT THEM INTO BEING!



AT THAT MOMENT--

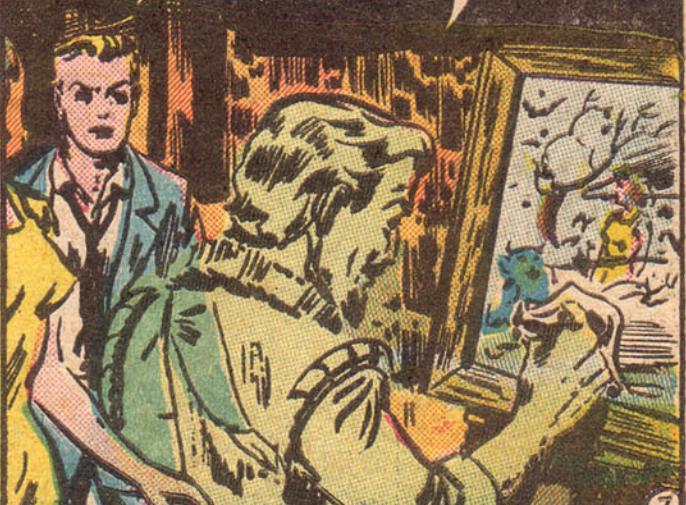
HAH! HUMANS -- MAROONED IN THE WORLD OF THE WEIRD-- AND THEY THINK THEY CAN ESCAPE!

THEY'RE COMING! WE CAN'T ESCAPE, FRED-- THEY'RE READY TO TEAR US APART!



YOU SAID YOU COULD DESTROY THOSE CACKLING FIENDS! BUT HOW SINGLEHANDED?

I WILL PROVE WHAT I CAN DO! WATCH-- LOOK OUT THE WINDOW AS I ERASE THOSE DEMONS FROM MY CANVAS!



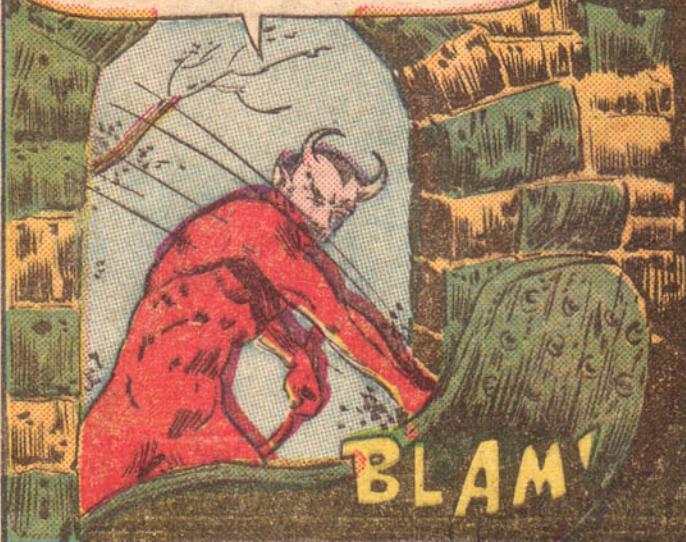
THEN-- AS IF EFFACED BY A SINGLE
GIGANTIC MOTION--

AAAGH!



IN A WAVE OF MOLTEN FURY--

NO NEED TO GUESS WHAT'S AT WORK HERE!
A SPIRIT-- A SPIRIT I CAN CRUSH IN
THE FLICKER OF AN EYELASH!



HAH-- WHAT NOW?
HOW CAN HE COPE
WITH ME... WHEN
IT IS IN YOUR
POWER TO
DESTROY
ONLY WHAT
WAS IN THE
PAINTING!

LOOK AROUND
YOU, PRINCE
OF DARKNESS!
ASK YOURSELF,
SATAN.. WHERE
ARE YOU?

IN THE
TOWER!

YES-- A TOWER THAT
NEVER EXISTED UNTIL I
PAINTED IT-- A
TOWER THAT WILL
CEASE TO EXIST
WHEN I SWEEP IT
FROM THE CANVAS!



THEN-- WITH THE FORCE OF--
A COSMIC CYCLONE--

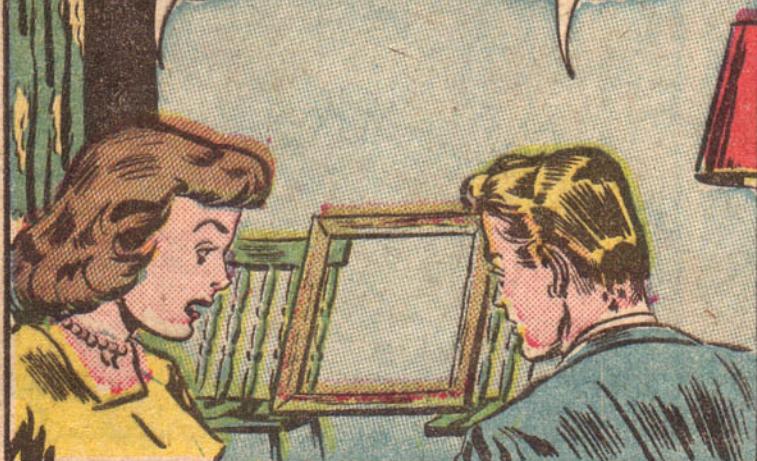
CRRAK!



AS THE BLINDING FLASH FADES...

GOOD HEAVENS, FRED-- WE'RE
BACK IN YOUR APARTMENT!
BUT WHATEVER IT WAS WE
JUST EXPERIENCED TO-
GETHER-- IT COULDN'T
HAVE REALLY
HAPPENED!

IT MAY BE
HARD TO
BELIEVE-- BUT
TAKE A LOOK! THE
GHOST DESTROYED
THE PAINTING-- AND
THERE'S WHAT'S
LEFT-- AN EMPTY
FRAME!

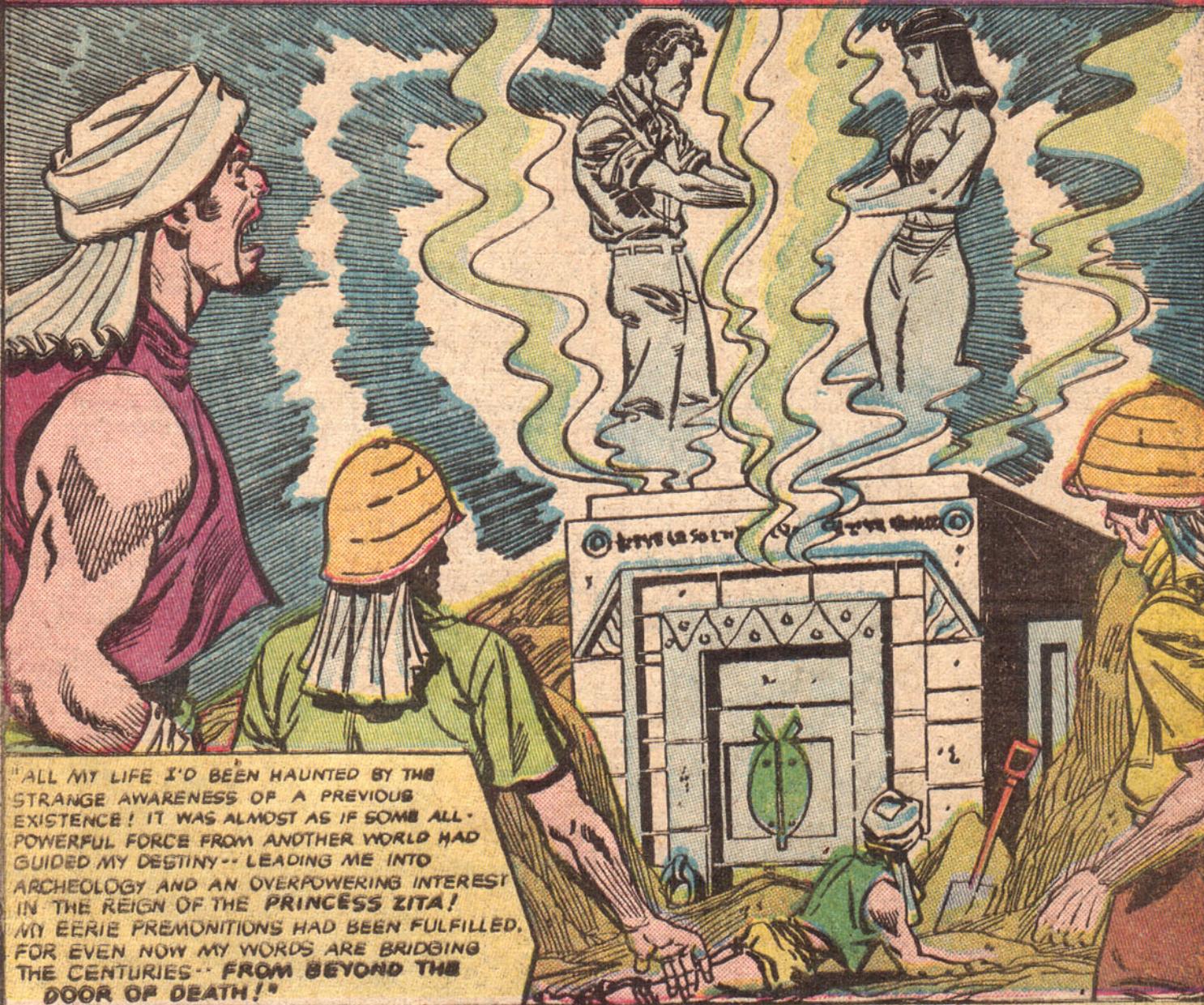


THAT'S THE ONLY
THING THAT SAVED US-- WHEN THE
FIENDS AND
EVERYTHING
ELSE IN THE
PAINTING WERE
BLOTTED OUT!
BUT, I WONDER--
WHAT ABOUT
SATAN?

I'M AFRAID IT'LL TAKE
MORE THAN A GHOSTLY
HAND TO GET RID OF **HIM**,
NANCY! HE'LL CONTINUE
TO PLAGUE HUMANITY
WITH HIS EVIL LURES--
BUT YOU CAN BET HE
WON'T EVER AGAIN
TRY TO CREATE A
WORLD OF THE
WEIRD!



BEYOND the DOOR of DEATH



"ALL MY LIFE I'D BEEN HAUNTED BY THE STRANGE AWARENESS OF A PREVIOUS EXISTENCE! IT WAS ALMOST AS IF SOME ALL-POWERFUL FORCE FROM ANOTHER WORLD HAD GUIDED MY DESTINY-- LEADING ME INTO ARCHEOLOGY AND AN OVERPOWERING INTEREST IN THE REIGN OF THE PRINCESS ZITA! MY EERIE PREMONITIONS HAD BEEN FULFILLED, FOR EVEN NOW MY WORDS ARE BRIDGING THE CENTURIES-- FROM BEYOND THE DOOR OF DEATH!"

"WHO CAN SAY WHERE MY STORY TRULY BEGINS? FOR ME, IT BEGAN WITH THE DISCOVERY OF A SHATTERED TEMPLE IN THE TRACKLESS DESERT OF SUMARIA--"

THE SYMBOL OF THE SACRED SCARAB! GREAT SCOTT, GATO-- I BELIEVE THIS IS THE TOMB OF THE PRINCESS ZITA HERSELF!

STAND ASIDE WHILE I RE-MOVE THIS SEAL! TO THINK THAT I MAY BE NEAR THE BURIAL SPOT OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MONARCH OF THE AGES!

"THE INSTANT MY HAND TOUCHED THE ENCRUSTED SEAL--"



"-- THERE WAS A BLINDING FLASH! A BEARING ASHONY BLAZED THROUGH ME --"

MASTER--THE SYMBOL OF THE SACRED SCARAB IS BURNED INTO YOUR HAND! THUS THE GODS PUNISH YOU FOR BREAKING THE SEAL OF THE PAST!

WH--WHAT'S HAPPENED? I FEEL INVESTED WITH A STRANGE, SUPER-NATURAL POWER!

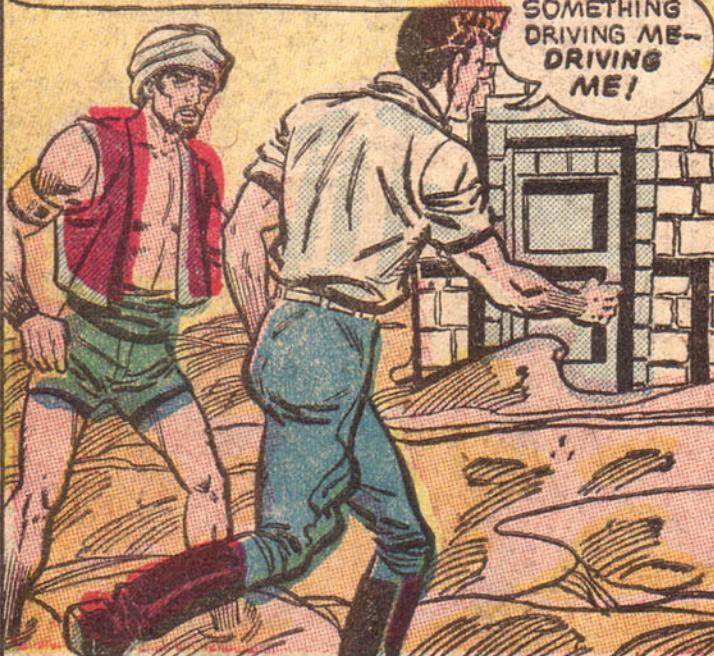
THE SIGN--ITS POWER BORES INTO MY BRAIN! IT SEEMS TO BE SPEAKING--TELLING ME OF MY LONG-FORGOTTEN LIFE!

FOR YEARS I HAVE STUDIED LEGENDS OF THE PRINCESS ZITA! I FELT AS IF I KNEW HER IN SOME PAST EXISTENCE! AND NOW--I'M CERTAIN OF IT!

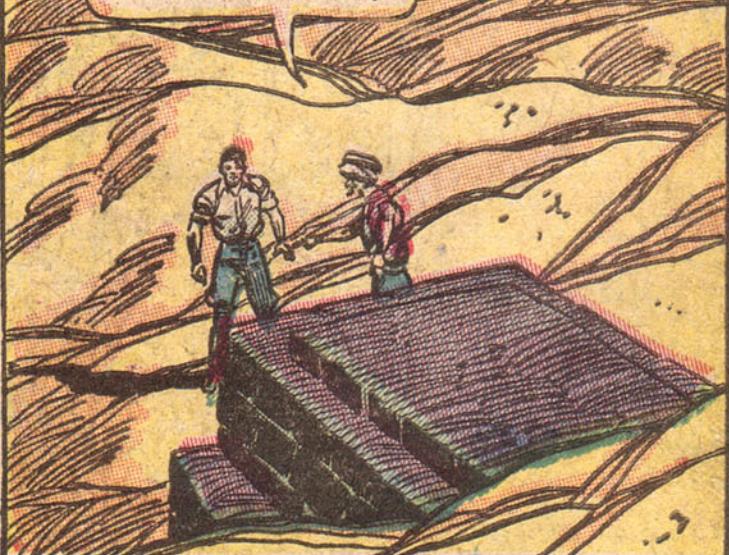
YOU ARE BRANDED WITH THE SACRED SYMBOL! THE LEGENDS SAY SHE WILL BE YOURS FOREVER--IF YOU ENTER HER TOMB! BUT THERE IS A FEARFUL PENALTY!



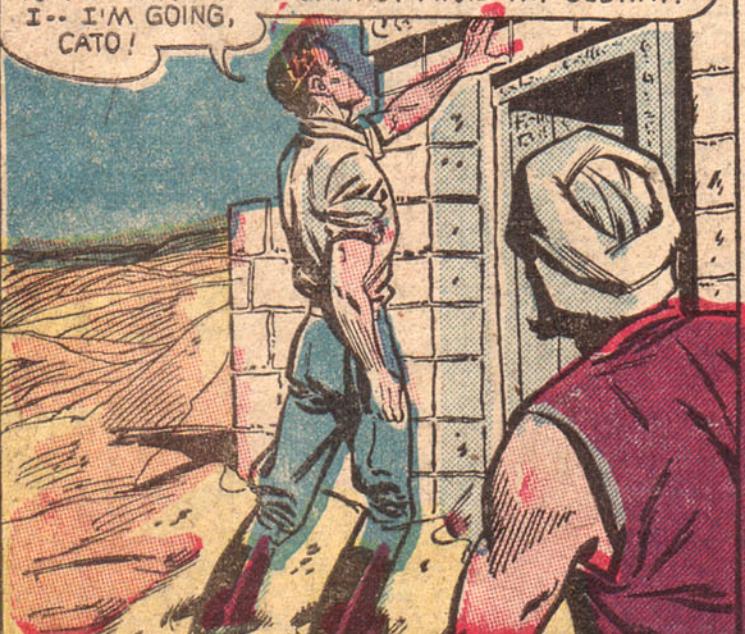
WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT PENALTIES? I MUST ENTER HER TOMB--I MUST FIND HER! I FEEL SOMETHING DRIVING ME--DRIVING ME!



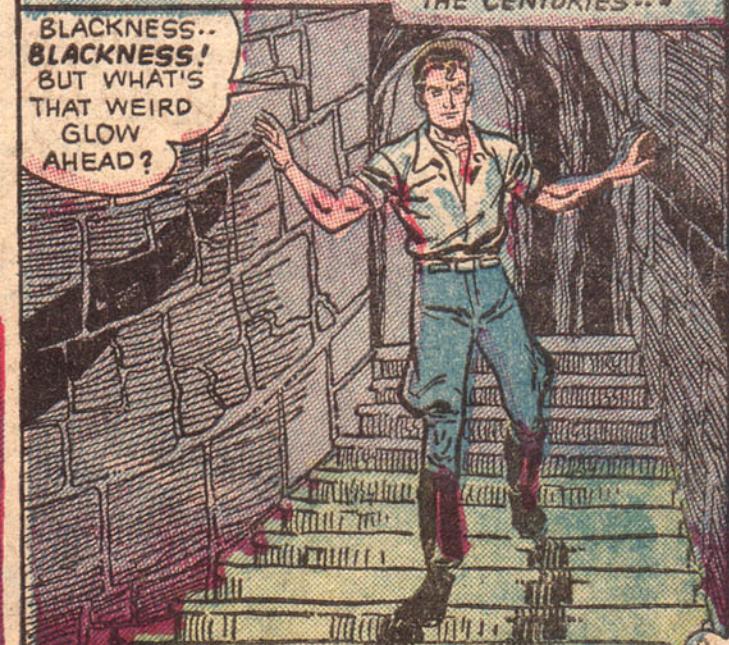
BEWARE--FOR YOU, THIS MAY BE THE DOOR OF DEATH! THE OLD STORIES WHISPER THAT IT MAY LEAD BACK--BACK TO ANCIENT SUMARIA--TO ZITA'S MATCHLESS BEAUTY! ENTER--AND YOU MAY NEVER RETURN ALIVE TO THE PRESENT!



HOW CAN I STAY HERE--WHEN THE DOOR OPENS TO ADMIT ME? I CANNOT AVOID MY DESTINY! I--I'M GOING, CATO!



"I FELT EACH STEP LEADING ME DOWN THRU THE CENTURIES--



"SUDDENLY-- RINGING HOLLOWLY IN THE ANCIENT CORRIDORS--"

HALT! NO MORTAL MAY ENTER HERE!

BUT AM I-- MORTAL?

BY THE GODS-- YOUR PALM BEARS THE SACRED SYMBOL OF THE SCARAB!

YES-- THE SYMBOL-- WHICH MUST DISCLOSE THE ANCIENT SECRETS OF MY BURIED LIFE! MY PASSPORT TO ETERNITY!

HAIL, SUPREME ONE! RISE-- AND LEAD ME TO WHATEVER LIES AHEAD!

"SOON I STOOD AT THE THRESHOLD OF ZITA'S TOMB! BEYOND WAS A WORLD NO MORTAL HAD SEEN SINCE HER DEATH THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO-- WHEN SUMARIA WAS AT THE ZENITH OF ITS POWER!"

BEHIND THOSE DOORS LIE HISTORY-- AND ALL OF THE STRANGE MEMORIES-- OF SOME OTHER LIFE I REMEMBER DIMLY--"

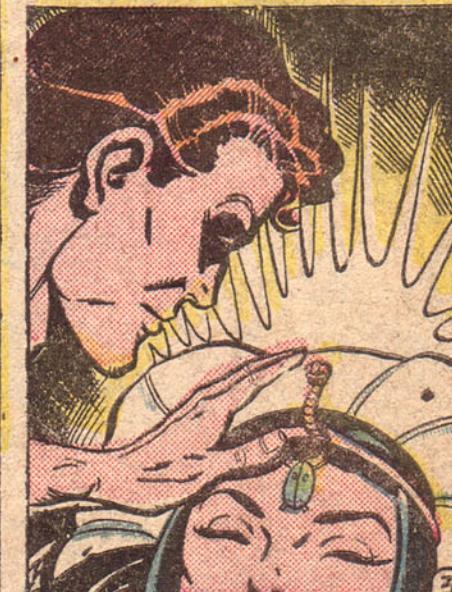
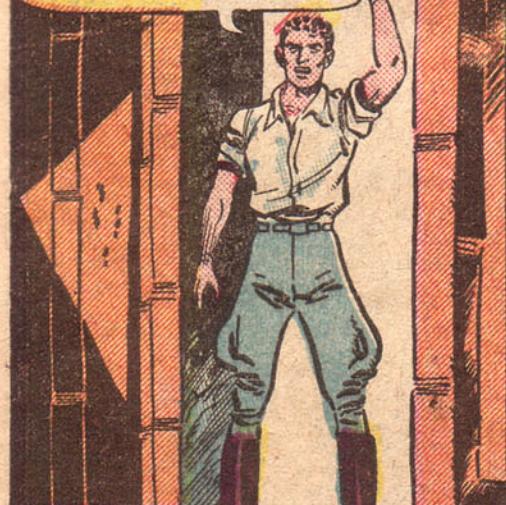
"WITHIN ME SURGED A MYSTIC POWER-- BEFORE WHICH THE GREAT DOORS PARTED!"

OPEN TO ME, O ANCIENT SUMARIA! LET THE SHROUDS OF TIME BE LIFTED!

"AND INSIDE--"

PRINCESS ZITA-- EXACTLY AS I ENVISIONED HER! CENTURIES HAVE PASSED-- YET SHE LIES THERE AS IF SHE WERE ASLEEP!

"WAS IT SOME SUPERNATURAL IMPULSE THAT BID ME JOIN THE SYMBOL ON MY PALM WITH THE ONE ON HER FOREHEAD?"



"THE MYSTIC SYMBOLS TOUCHED--
PAST AND PRESENT FLOWED TO-
GETHER LIKE THE ROLLING OF
MIGHTY TIDES! INSTANTLY, THE ICY
FOREHEAD BECAME WARM, DARK
EYES OPENED! ZITA LIVED!"



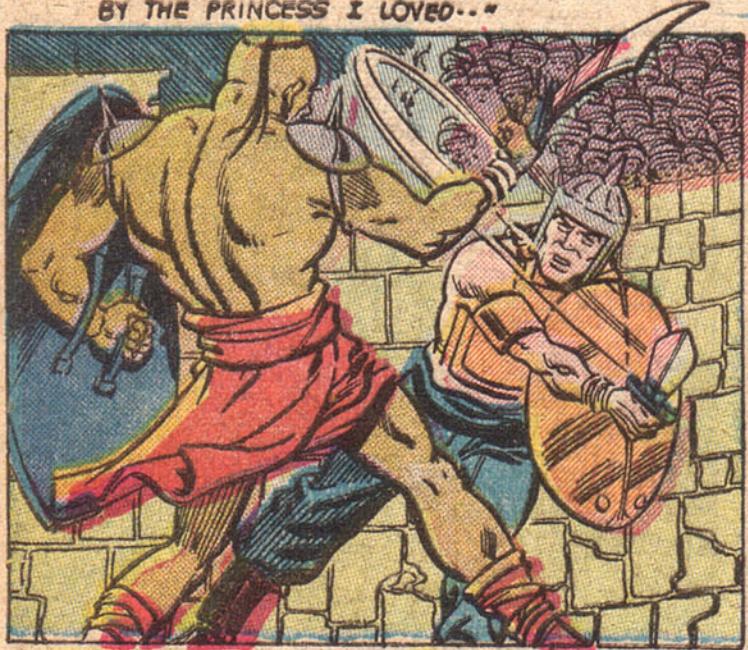
"IT IS WRITTEN-- FROM THE SLEEP
OF DEATH I SHALL ARISE AT THE
TOUCH OF MY BELOVED! - AND I
SHALL CONDUCT HIM BACK TO
SUMARIA WHERE ONCE WE
LIVED-- AND LOVED!"



"SUDDENLY, ALL SOUND WAS DROWNED
IN A GREAT CRASH OF LIGHTNING!
TIME AND SPACE LOST MEANING
AS WE SPUN DIZZILY INTO
THE PAST!"



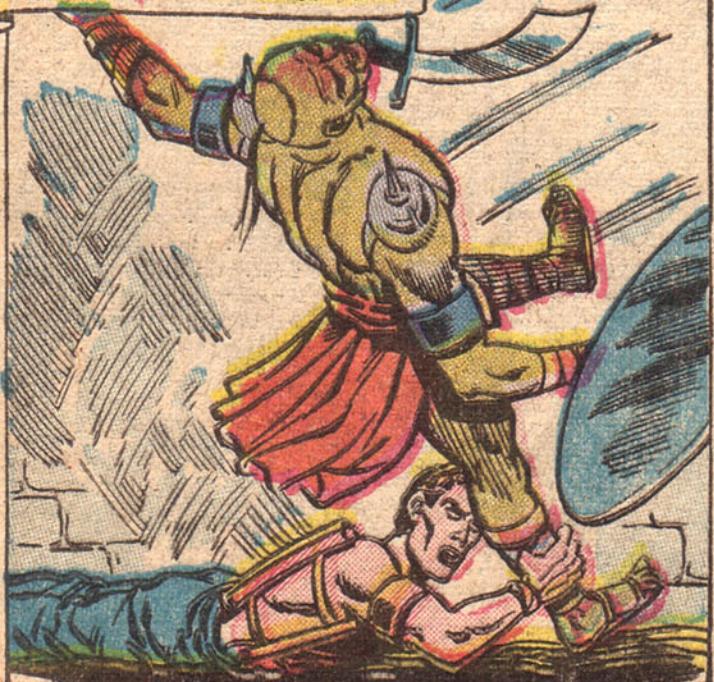
"AND NOW-- THE CENTURIES HAD REELED BACK! NO
LONGER WAS I JIM BENTON! THIS WAS MY PREVIOUS
EXISTENCE-- A YOUNG SUMARIAN GLADIATOR. I WAS
BATTLING IN THE ARENA FOR THE PRIZE TO BE AWARDED
BY THE PRINCESS I LOVED--"



"AS I SLIPPED IN THE TREACHEROUS FOOTING--"



"BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT--"



"YIELD! THE PRIZE IS MINE-- AND I SHALL RECEIVE
IT FROM THE HANDS OF PRINCESS ZITA!"



"I, A COMMONER, HAD DARED TO ASPIRE TO A PRINCESS -- HAD SHARED SECRET AND STOLEN MOMENTS WITH HER! EVEN NOW, WE TRIED TO HIDE THE LOVE IN OUR EYES--"

TO THEE, GREAT VICTOR, THE ROYAL GARLAND!



"BUT HOW COULD I HELP MYSELF, RESTRAIN THE ADORATION WHICH MADE ME EXTEND MY HAND IN A CARESS WHICH WAS SACRILEGE?"

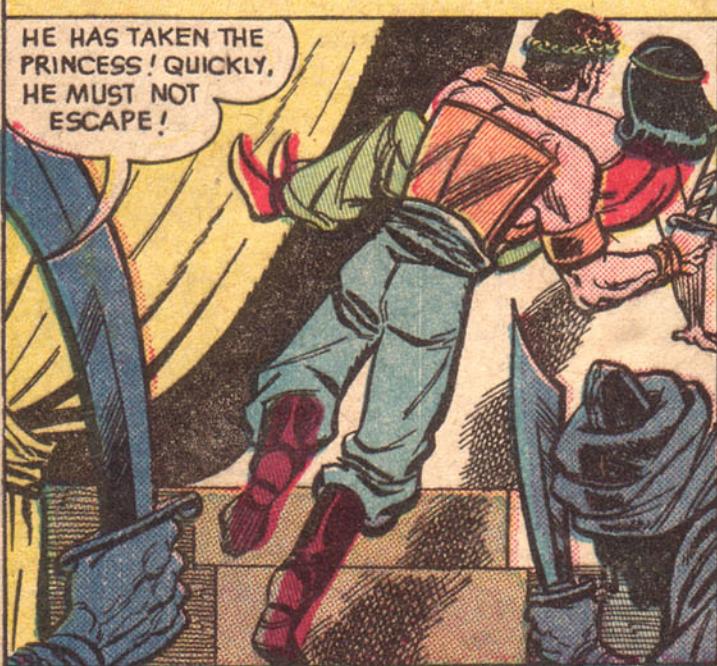


"NO, FATHER -- SHE KNOWS NOT WHEREOF SHE SPEAKS! LET HIS HEAD ROLL IN THE DUST!"



"WITH LIFE ITSELF IN THE BALANCE -- I ACTED QUICKLY--"

HE HAS TAKEN THE PRINCESS! QUICKLY, HE MUST NOT ESCAPE!



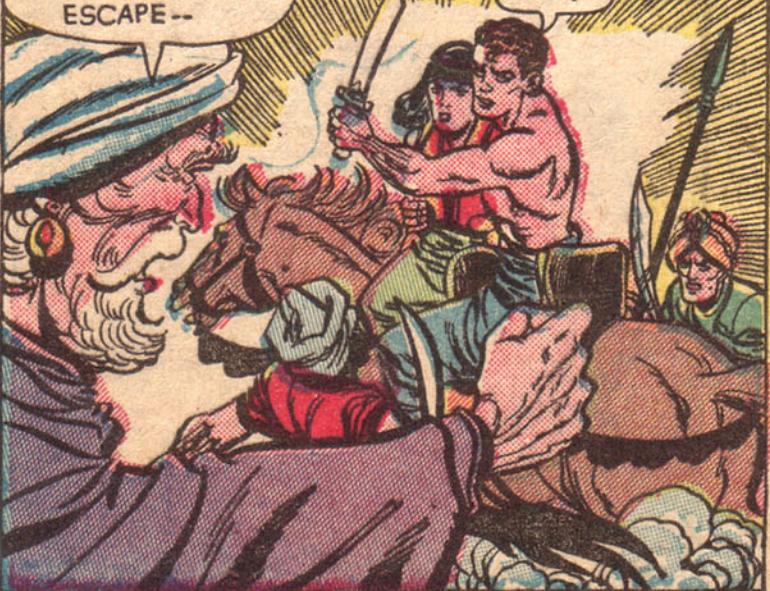
MY HORSE WILL CARRY US BOTH! HE IS THE FLEETEST CHARGER IN SUMARIA!

HURRY, MY BELOVED! THEY ARE CLOSE BEHIND US!



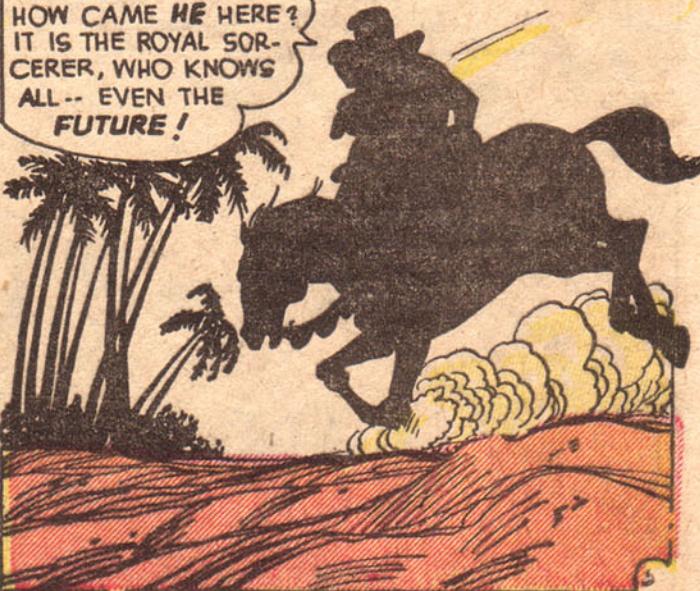
FLEE, BUT TAKE MY CURSE WITH YOU! NEVER SHALL YOU FIND A HIDING-PLACE -- NEVER SHALL YOU ESCAPE --

HEED HIM NOT! BEFORE US STRETCHES THE DESERT. WE'LL WIN FREEDOM YET!



"ON AND ON WE FLED, INTO THE TRACKLESS WASTE! AND WITH SUNSET, A STRANGE FIGURE BLOCKED OUR PATH--"

HOW CAME HE HERE? IT IS THE ROYAL SORCERER, WHO KNOWS ALL -- EVEN THE FUTURE!



"THEN I HEARD THEM--THOSE FATEFUL WORDS--"

YOU ARE BRAVE, MY SON--
BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPE! THERE IS
BUT THE TOMB-- AND
ANOTHER LIFE TO
COME--

NO! I'LL GO
WITH HIM--SHARE
WHATEVER FATE
HAS IN STORE--

"LITTLE DO YOU KNOW WHEREOF
YOU SPEAK! BUT SO BE IT!
LET ME JOIN YOU IN
MARRIAGE-- FOR THERE
IS BUT LITTLE TIME
LEFT TO YOU!"

"AND SO I KNELT BESIDE MY PRINCESS--
MINE FOR ALL TIME NOW!"

FROM THIS MOMENT ON-- FOR ALL
THE AGES TO COME-- THIS MAN
AND WOMAN SHALL
BELONG TO EACH
OTHER !

"YES, WE WERE ONE-- BUT THE PRINCESS ZITA'S FACE
WAS TROUBLED--"

HE-- HE TOLD US THAT THERE WAS
NO ESCAPE BUT THE
TOMB-- THAT WE'VE
ONLY A LITTLE
TIME LEFT!

IT WAS BUT AN OLD
MAN'S MOUTHINGS!
DID NOT MY STEED
SHAKE OFF ALL
PURSUIT?

"BUT ONCE MORE IT CAME-- THE WARNING VOICE OF
DANGER!"

YOU SEEK TO ESCAPE YOUR FATE--
BUT IT IS WRITTEN! IN MY HAND I
HOLD THE ANCIENT PARCHMENT
WHICH FORETELLS ALL.. LISTEN!

"ON THE SANDS OF THE DESERT STANDS A TOMB!
THERE SHALL THE END COME-- THERE SHALL THE
PRINCESS AWAIT HER LOVER UNTIL A GREAT
KINGDOM TURNS TO DUST!"

YOU MEAN--
WE'RE TO BE
SEPARATED?

YES-- BY DEATH! FAITHFULLY SHE SHALL
WAIT THROUGH THE COUNTLESS AEONS--
UNTIL YOU HAVE FULFILLED YOUR
DESTINY WITH THE FUTURE! LET ME
USE MY POWERS-- REVEAL
TO YOU WHAT IS FORE-
ORDAINED!



THESE STRANGE TOWERS OF THE FUTURE-- YOU SHALL DWELL AMONG THEM! YOU SHALL SEE A NEW AND MAGICAL WORLD-- GAZE UPON STRANGE WONDERS--

THEN-- AND ONLY THEN-- SHALL YOU RETURN TO YOUR BELOVED! THUS IT IS INSCRIBED IN THE BOOK OF THE GODS!

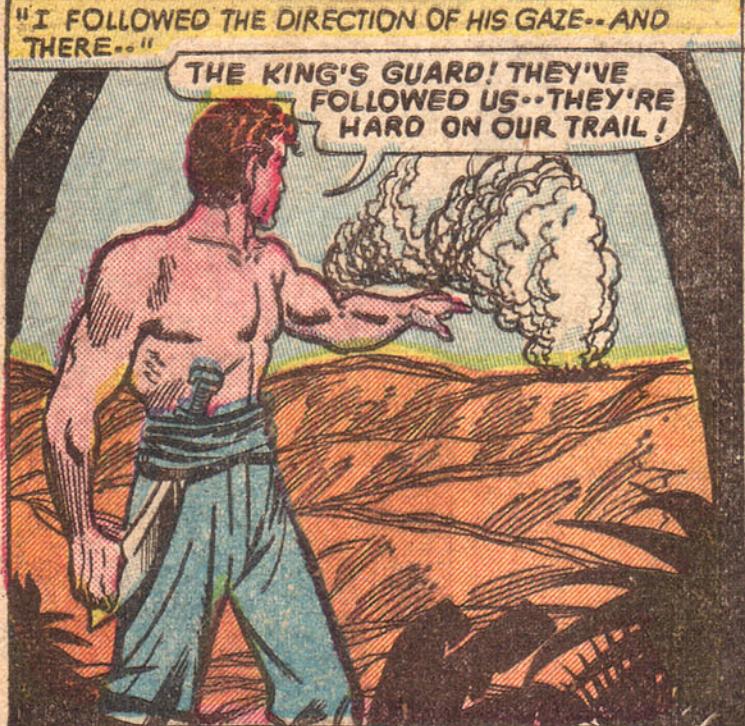
WORDS, MERE WORDS, OLD MAN! OUR LOVE IS STRONG-- STRONG ENOUGH TO OVERCOME WHAT YOU PREDICT! WE'LL ESCAPE AND FIND HAPPINESS-- IN THIS LIFE!

YOU THINK SO-- WHEN EVEN NOW, THE JAWS OF FATE ARE CLOSING ABOUT YOU? LOOK-- LOOK TOWARDS THE HORIZON!



"I FOLLOWED THE DIRECTION OF HIS GAZE-- AND THERE--"

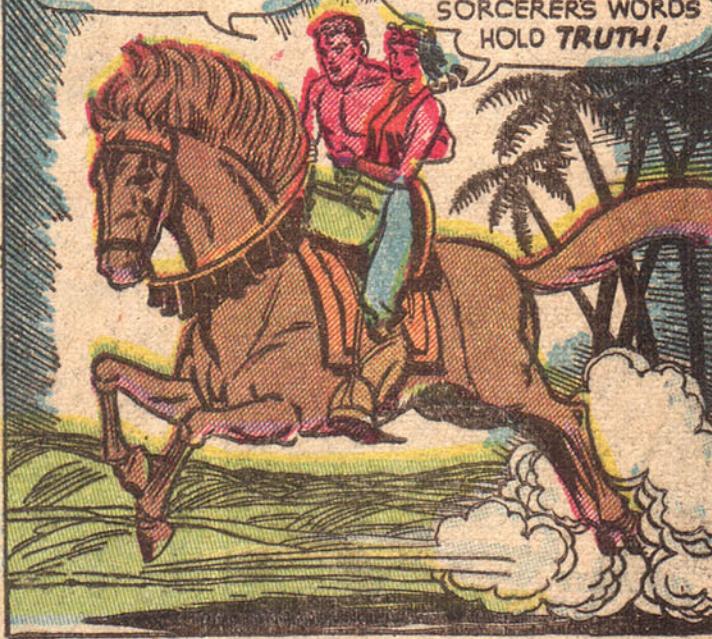
THE KING'S GUARD! THEY'VE FOLLOWED US-- THEY'RE HARD ON OUR TRAIL!



THEY HAVEN'T CAUGHT US! WE'LL ESCAPE THEM YET--

I SWEAR IT!

MY HEART LIES HEAVY WITHIN ME-- FOR I FEAR THE SORCERER'S WORDS HOLD TRUTH!

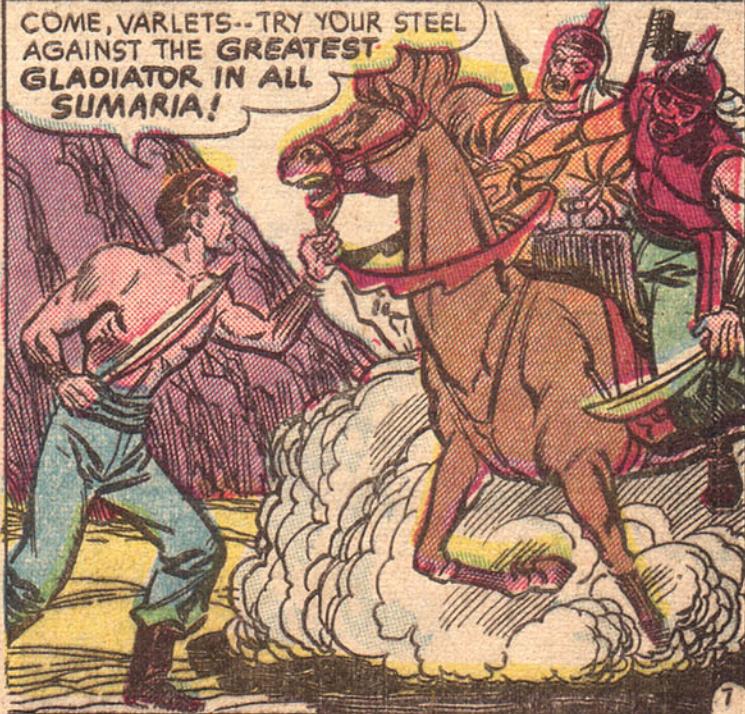


"WELL, MIGHT THE PRINCESS WORRY-- FOR MY MOUNT, CARRYING DOUBLE, TIRED FAST! FINALLY..."

THERE IS NO CHOICE! I.. I MUST MAKE A STAND HERE!



COME, VARLETS-- TRY YOUR STEEL AGAINST THE GREATEST GLADIATOR IN ALL SUMARIA!



MAY THE GODS BE THANKED FOR THIS NARROW PASS-- AND HIS STRENGTH! HE MAY YET WIN ENOUGH RESPITE FOR ESCAPE!

BACK,
ROGUES--
BACK!

"ONCE AGAIN WE WON FREE-- AND FINALLY, AS MY MOUNT FALTERED--"

A TOMB-- ON THE SANDS OF THE DESERT! THEY'RE STILL PURSUING US-- WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE REFUGE THERE! THE SORCERER FORETOLD THAT THE END WOULD COME THERE-- BUT THERE IS NO CHOICE!

THE KING'S GUARDS-- THEY'VE CAUGHT UP WITH US!

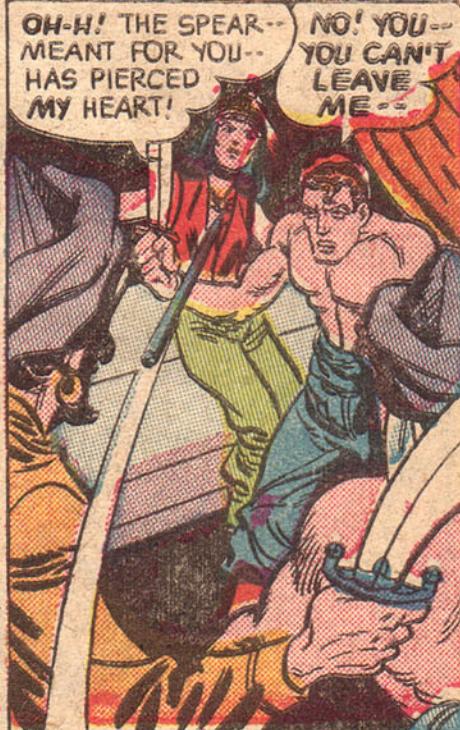
INTO THE TOMB-- WHILE I TRY TO STAND THEM OFF!

HURRY, BELOVED-- HURRY!

I'LL FOLLOW WHEREVER YOU LEAD!

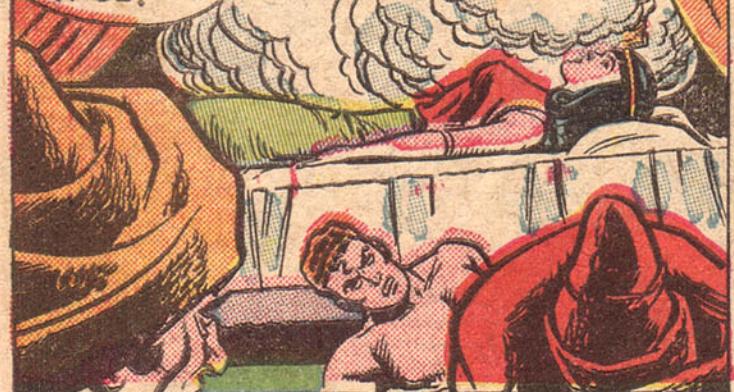
OH-H! THE SPEAR-- MEANT FOR YOU-- HAS PIERCED MY HEART!

NO! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME--



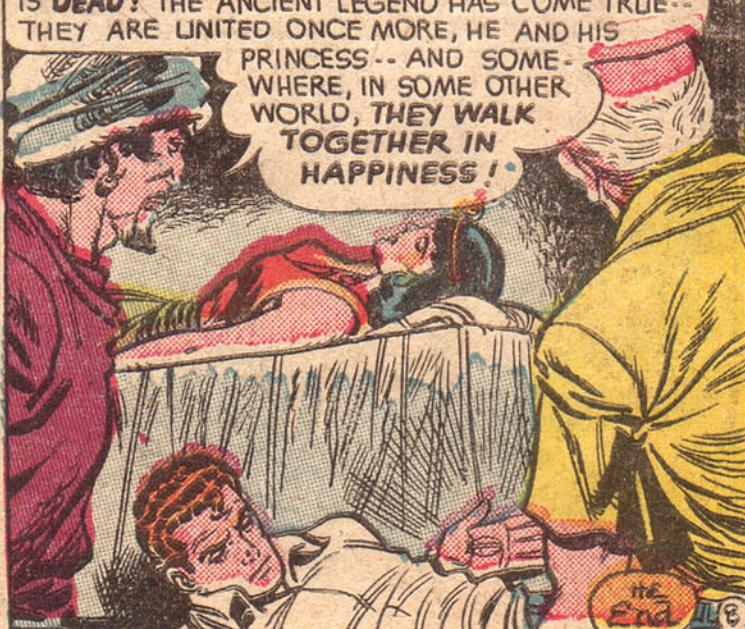
"THEN, A WHIRLING NOTHINGNESS-- MY ANCIENT LIFE ENDED BY A GUARD'S SCIMITAR! AS THEY PLACED ME AGAINST THE BIER WHICH HELD THE BODY OF MY BELOVED--"

THEY HAVE PASSED BEYOND THE DOOR OF DEATH-- AND ONLY WHEN SUMARIA HAS CRUMPLED INTO DUST SHALL THEY BE REUNITED! **THUS WAS IT ORDAINED-- THUS SHALL IT BE!**



"AND THUS IT WAS THAT ON THAT FATEFUL DAY IN THE 20TH CENTURY--"

JIM BENTON, MY MASTER-- HE IS DEAD! THE ANCIENT LEGEND HAS COME TRUE-- THEY ARE UNITED ONCE MORE, HE AND HIS PRINCESS-- AND SOMEWHERE, IN SOME OTHER WORLD, THEY WALK TOGETHER IN HAPPINESS!



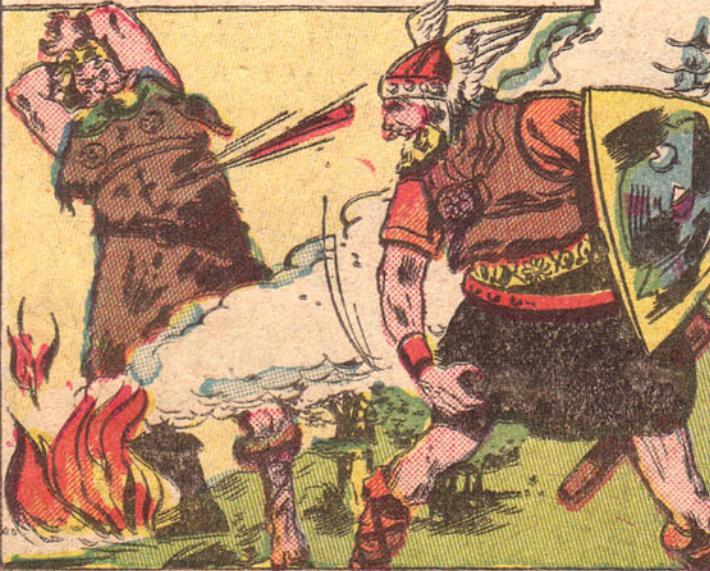
THE END

WEREBEASTS ^{through} HISTORY



ALL THROUGH THE AGES, FROM THE VERY DAWN OF HISTORY ITSELF, MEN HAVE BELIEVED THAT HUMANS COULD CHANGE INTO ANIMALS, AND ANIMALS INTO HUMANS! THESE TERRIFYING WERE-BEASTS WERE SAID TO HAVE THE CUNNING OF HUMANS, THE FEROCITY OF ANIMALS, AND THE SUPERNATURAL STRENGTH OF DEMONS...AND WOE BETIDE THE UNFORTUNATE MORTAL WHO FELL BE-NEATH THEIR SLASHING CLAWS AND RENDING FANGS! SO... LET'S EXAMINE THESE WERE-BEASTS THROUGH HISTORY!

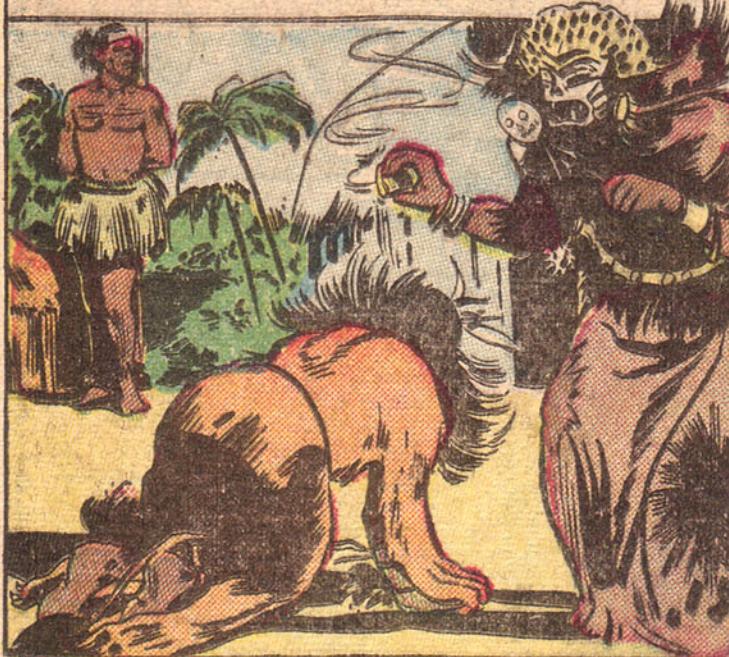
THE ANCIENT NORSE TRIBESMEN KNOWN AS THE 'BERSERK' WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO ASSUME THE SHAPE OF ANY ANIMALS WHOSE SKINS THEY WORE... AND WERE THE TERROR OF ALL SCANDINAVIA!



IN HIS ANIMAL SHAPE, A BERSERKER WAS SAID TO BE INVULNERABLE TO FIRE AND IRON... AND WOULD GO INTO A FRENZIED RAGE BEFORE ATTACKING HUMANS! EVEN TO THIS DAY A PERSON IS CALLED "BERSERK" IF HE'S GONE MAD WITH RAGE!



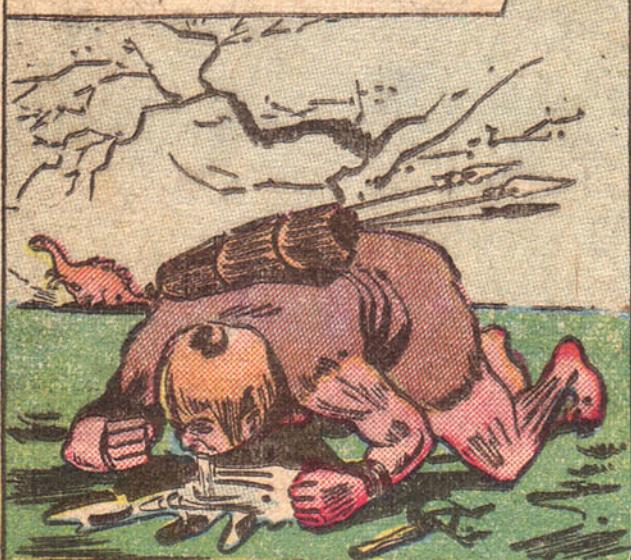
IN OTHER CULTURES, IT WAS HELD NECESSARY TO USE A POTENT OINTMENT AND A MAGICAL INCANTATION...



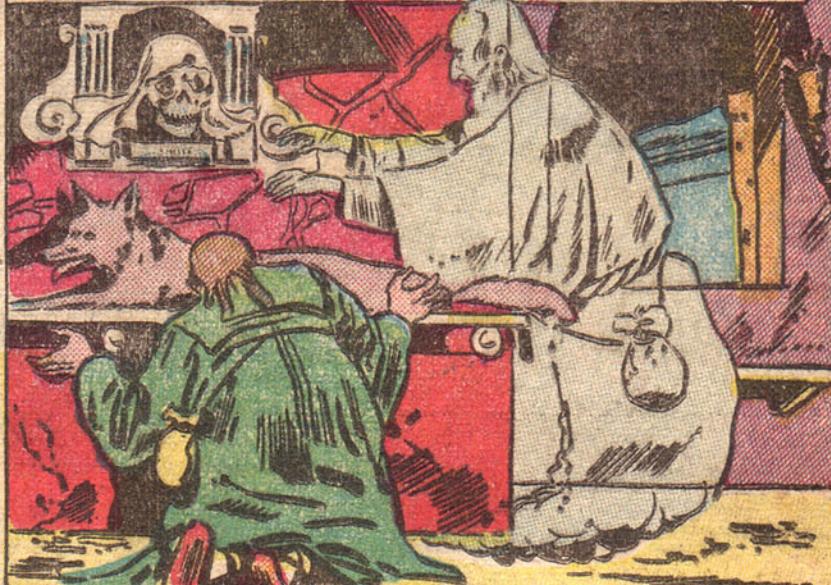
...BEFORE THE TRANSFORMATION INTO A WERE-BEAST COULD BE ACCOMPLISHED!



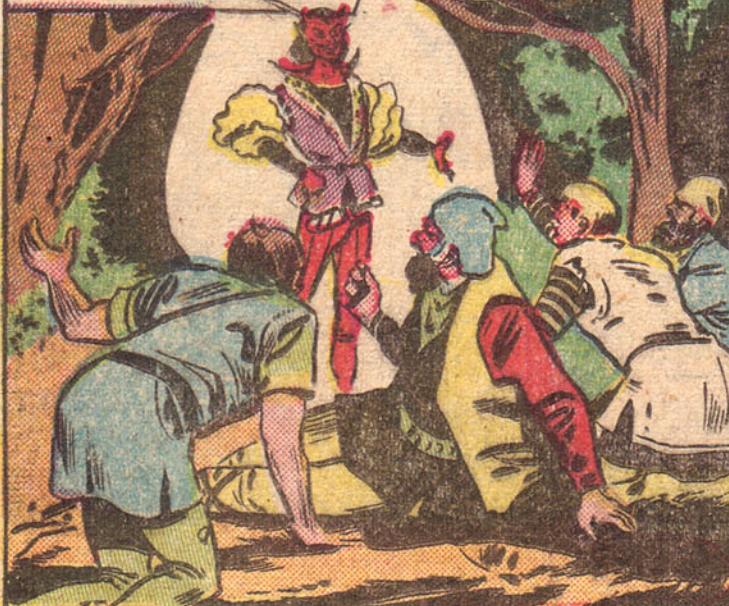
OTHER METHODS WERE TO EAT THE FOOD OF A WERE-BEAST, OR TO DRINK WATER OUT OF THE FOOT-PRINT OF THE ANIMAL WHOSE SHAPE THE HUMAN WISHED TO ASSUME... BUT SUCH TRANSFORMATIONS WERE NOT THOUGHT TO BE PERMANENT!



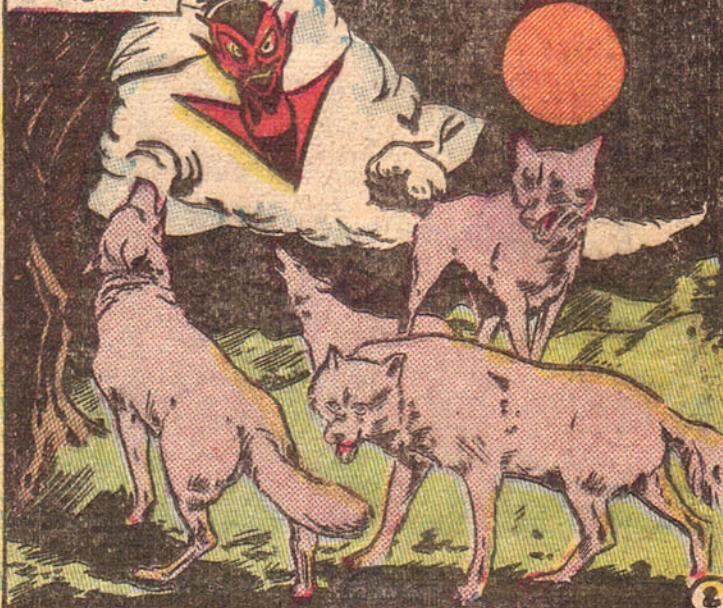
DURING THE DARK AGES, MEDIEVAL ALCHEMISTS TRIED ANOTHER APPROACH... BY MEANS OF SUPERNATURAL KNOWLEDGE, THEY SOUGHT TO FORCE THEIR SPIRITS OUT OF THEIR BODIES AND INTO THE BODIES OF THE ANIMALS THEY HAD CHOSEN FOR THE PURPOSE!



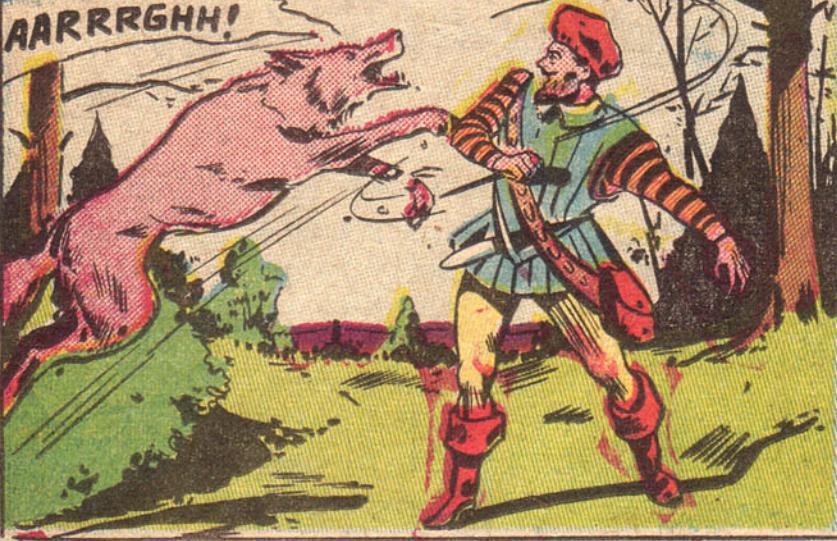
BUT BY FAR THE SIMPLEST WAY OF BEING CHANGED INTO A WERE-BEAST, THE MEDIEVAL PEASANTS BELIEVED, WAS TO ATTEND THE DEVIL'S SABBATH AND BECOME THE SERVANTS OF SATAN!



IN RETURN, THEY WERE CHANGED INTO WEREWOLVES... LEADING ORDINARY LIVES AS HUMANS IN THE DAYTIME, BY STALKING THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR PREY AS WOLVES AT NIGHT!



MANY LEGENDS OF WEREWOLVES HAVE COME DOWN TO US FROM ANTIQUITY, BUT NONE MORE FASCINATING THAN THE STORY OF THE TRAVELER WHO WAS PASSING THROUGH THE FRENCH AUVERGNE IN 1588---AND WAS ATTACKED BY A FIERCE WOLF! DESPERATELY WHIPPING OUT HIS DAGGER, THE MAN SLASHED OFF THE WOLF'S LEFT FOREPAW!



WITH A SOUL-CHILLING CRY, THE WOLF TURNED AND FLED!

SACRE BLEU, THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! I SHALL KEEP THE PAW AS A MEMENTO OF THIS EXPERIENCE!



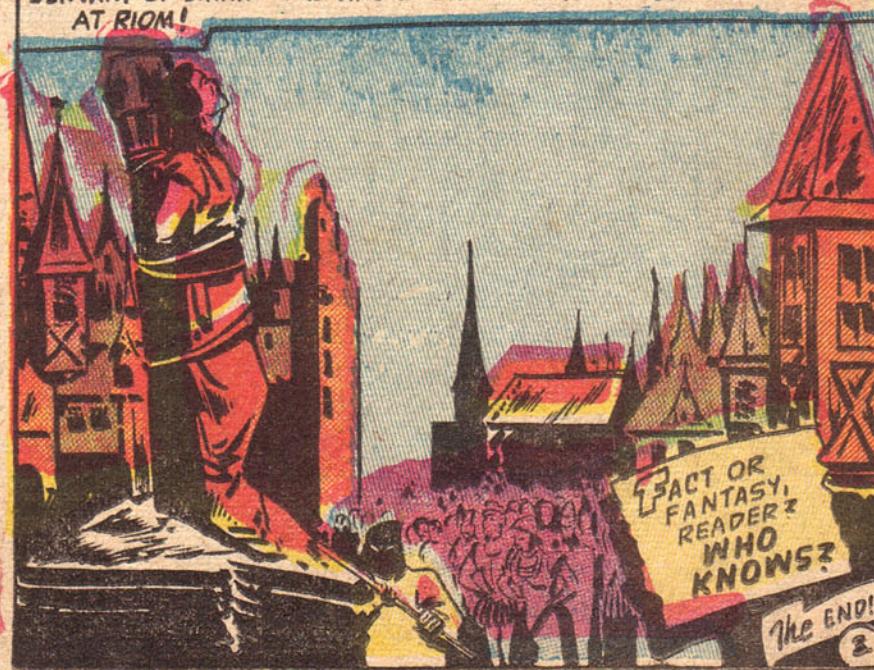
WHEN HE ARRIVED AT HIS DESTINATION, THE TRAVELER OPENED HIS KNAVSACK TO SHOW HIS HOST THE WOLF'S PAW---BUT INSTEAD...



THIS SUSPICIONS AROUSED, THE HUSBAND TORE THE CONCEALING SHAWL ASIDE---AND SAW TO HIS HORROR A BANDAGE...



THE WIFE ULTIMATELY CONFESSED THAT SHE WAS A WEREWOLF, A SERVANT OF SATAN---AND WAS SOON AFTERWARDS PUBLICLY EXECUTED AT RIOM!



Vampires' NEMESIS

WHEN DR. TOM Willard arrived at the Blood Bank offices that morning, the first thing he asked was, "Well...again?"

Nurse Edith Rogers nodded. "Yes, I just checked...another three bottles of 'A' type blood are missing."

Dr. Willard shook his head in bewilderment. "I don't understand it...every night for a week a few bottles have been mysteriously drained. Bug blood plasma is of no use to anyone outside the medical profession! Who on earth would want to steal it?"

"I don't think anyone breaks into the building during the night to steal the stuff," Edith said. "At least the new night watchman says nothing unusual has happened for the last seven nights."

"Hmm, that's the first time you told me we've got a new night watchman here. Who hired him?"

"Why, I did. But I'm sure he's trustworthy. He showed me references from quite a few other Blood Banks throughout the country where he's worked."

"That's strange," Dr. Willard mused. "If a man's profession is that of a watchman, why does he work only at Blood Banks? I think I'll check up on those references he gave you. Do you happen to remember which Blood Banks he worked at?"

"Yes, I do remember a few of them..."

An hour later, Dr. Willard grimly hung up the phone after making his calls. "I found out all I wanted to," he told Edith. "Each of those Blood Banks where our Mr. Henry Brown worked sustained mysterious losses of 'A' type blood...and the losses stopped as soon as he went on to another job. No one ever suspected anything...they just believed it was a coincidence...but I don't!"

"You...you think he's the thief? But what on earth does he do with all that blood? Surely he can't sell it anywhere!"

"I don't know what he does with it...but I certainly think I know how to stop his thefts. I won't have him fired, because he would just go to another Blood Bank in some other part of the country...and I can't have him arrested, because I don't have any proof that would stand up in court. Instead, I'm going to give Mr. Henry Brown a taste of poetic justice. Each night before I leave, I'm going to remove the 'A' label from the door of the room where the 'A' type blood is stored...and place it on the door of the room where the 'B' blood is kept. If he's using the blood for any nefarious purpose, he's going to be a mighty sorry man in a few days!"

Three mornings later, as Dr. Willard entered the Blood Bank building, he was met by an excited Edith. "Something's happened to the night watchman, doctor! When I came in this morning, I found him lying on the floor, writhing in agony. You'd better take a look at him."

Soon afterwards, when Dr. Willard finished his examination of Henry Brown, he called Edith aside and whispered, "He's a goner...can't last more than a few minutes. He's suffering from an agglutination of his red blood cells...the kind of fatal disease that results when a patient with 'A' type blood gets a transfusion of 'B' blood by mistake!"

There was a sudden gasp of agony behind them. Both turned to look at the writhing body of Henry Brown on the hospital cot. "Those are the death convulsions," Dr. Willard said. "And there's not a thing I can do for him."

As Henry Brown breathed his last, Edith suddenly turned pale with horror. "L...look," she gasped, "he...he's changing into a bat!"

"Just what I suspected," Dr. Willard said grimly. "But vampire Henry Brown will raid no more Blood Banks...ever!"

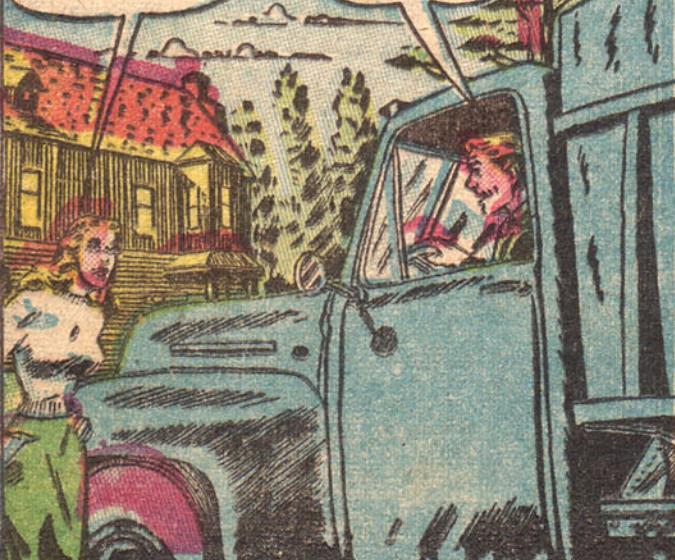
WHEN BATS FLIT THROUGH THE HUMID DARKNESS, AND A SOLITARY OWL MOURNS SOFTLY FROM THE SHROUDED TREES...WHAT HAPPENS TO THE BROODING PEACE OF AN ANCIENT GRAVEYARD? IF YOU DOUBT THAT BURIAL MOUNDS CAN QUIVER IN THE MOONLIGHT...IF YOU THINK THAT THE DEAD CAN NEVER RISE FROM THEIR MUSTY SLEEP...YOU'LL HAVE SECOND THOUGHTS WHEN YOU LEARN ABOUT THE EVIL POWER OF

The CRAWLING CORPSE!



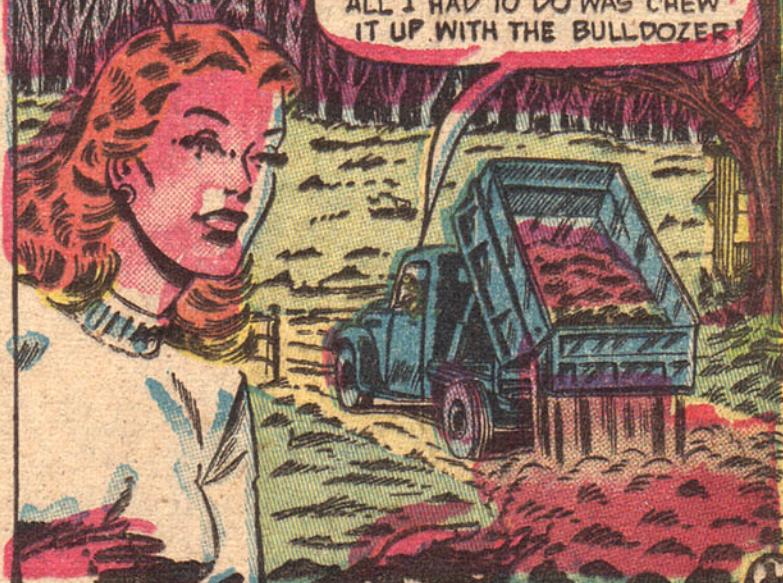
OH, VAN... YOU'RE A DARLING! YOU'VE BROUGHT THE TOP-SOIL I NEED FOR THE GARDEN!

SURE! WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING A CONTRACTOR-- IF YOU CAN'T DO YOUR GIRL FRIEND A FAVOR?



LOOKS LIKE GOOD SOIL, TOO! WHERE'D YOU GET IT?

REMEMBER THAT STONE QUARRY I BOUGHT? WELL, THE PROPERTY INCLUDES A FLAT FIELD A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY... AND ALL I HAD TO DO WAS CHEW IT UP WITH THE BULLDOZER!



I HATE TO BE A
NUISANCE, VAN...
BUT DO YOU SUPPOSE
YOU COULD BRING
THE BULLDOZER
OUT HERE...AND
LEVEL THINGS
OFF?

CHECK---IF YOU CAN
WAIT A COUPLE OF
DAYS! I'M USING IT
OUT AT THE QUARRY
...BUT ONCE THAT
JOB'S DONE, I'LL
RUMBLE AROUND
AND GIVE YOU A
GARDEN!

GATE THAT NIGHT...

STRANGE! AT FIRST I
THOUGHT I WAS
DREAMING---BUT
NOW I'M SURE I
HEAR A MUMBLING
VOICE JUST OUT-
SIDE THE HOUSE!

THERE'S A GLOWING
FIGURE CRAWLING
AROUND THE EDGE OF
THE GARDEN PLOT! IT
COULD BE VAN...UP
TO ONE OF HIS USUAL
TRICKS!



THEN...SHARPLY ETCHED BY
THE STREAMING MOONLIGHT...

MIDNIGHT, MIDNIGHT,
HERE I CREEP...
NOW THESE CORPSES
SHALL NEVER SLEEP!



GOOD HEAVENS!...WHAT
KIND OF FIENDISH RITUAL
IS THIS? NOW THAT HIDEOUS
CREATURE'S CLAWING UP
A HANDFUL OF SOIL!

BY THIS EARTH FROM
THE BURIAL MOUND...
THE SOULS OF THE DEAD
TO ME ARE BOUND!

HA HA HA! TOMORROW THEY
WILL PACE FORTH--AND
ACKNOWLEDGE
THEIR MASTER!

I NEEDN'T
WONDER ANY
LONGER WHETHER
THAT THING'S
ALIVE... IT'S
STARTING TO
DISAPPEAR!



AS THE DREAD FORM FADES INTO THE YIELDING SHADOWS...

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT COULD HAVE ATTRACTED IT HERE AT MIDNIGHT---AND THAT'S THE TRUCKLOAD OF EARTH I GOT FROM VAN! BUT WHY...WHAT KIND OF HORRIBLE SECRET DOES IT HOLD?

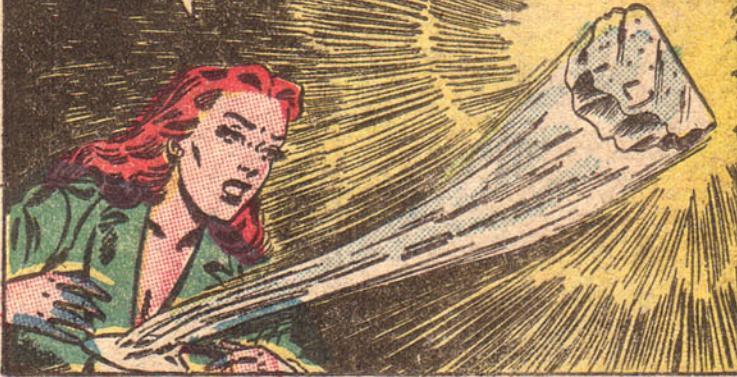


FOR A MOMENT, BRENDA DIGS IN THE MUSTY SOIL---AND THEN...

FUNNY---THIS STONE I'VE UNCOVERED IS A PIECE OF SHAPED GRANITE! MAYBE IT'S PART OF A HAUNTED RUIN---AND THAT HIDEOUS CREATURE IS TRYING TO INVOKE THE GHOSTS STILL LURKING AMONG THE FRAGMENTS!

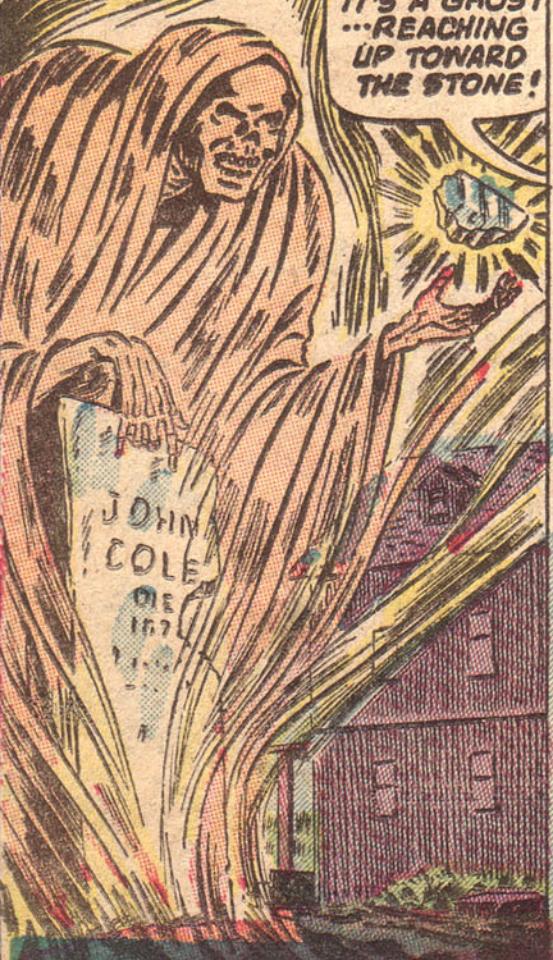
SUDDENLY---WITH AN EERIE GLOW---

OH! THAT PIECE OF STONE IS MOVING---JUST AS IF SOMETHING'S DRAWING IT THROUGH THE DARKNESS!



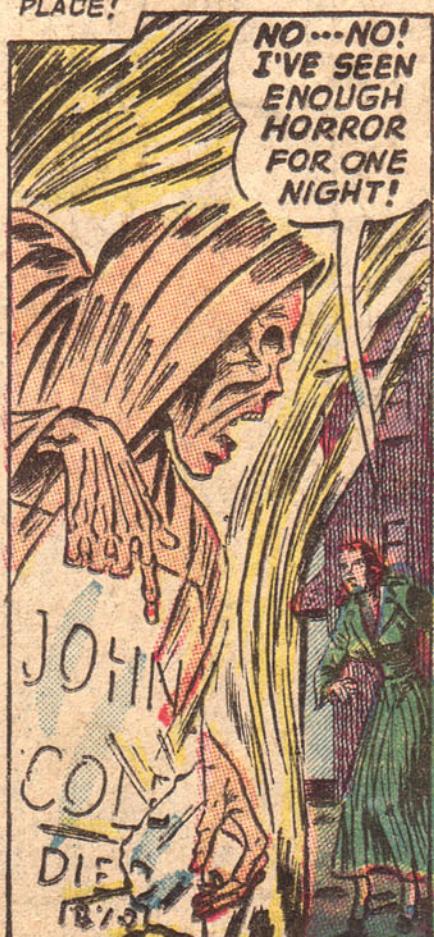
IN THE NEXT SECOND....

GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S A GHOST...REACHING UP TOWARD THE STONE!



WITH THE SLOW, UNCANNY MOVEMENT OF SOMETHING SEEN IN A NIGHTMARE---THE PHANTOM SETS THE STONE FRAGMENT IN PLACE!

NO...NO! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH HORROR FOR ONE NIGHT!

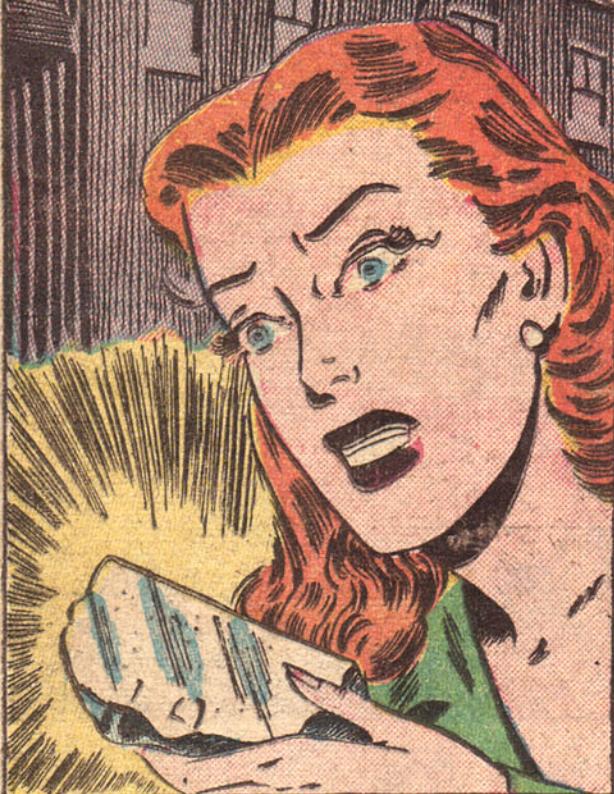


Then... THE PHANTOM AND THE TOMBSTONE HAVE VANISHED---BUT THEY CERTAINLY WOULDN'T HAVE APPEARED WITHOUT A REASON!



I DIDN'T NOTICE THIS CARVED LETTER BEFORE -- BUT IT'S CLEAR WHAT THE PHANTOM WAS TRYING TO SHOW ME! THIS CAME FROM SOMETHING FAR WORSE THAN A HAUNTED HOUSE -- IT'S PART OF A TOMBSTONE!

THERE'S THE ANSWER TO THE HORRIBLE RITUAL! ALL EARTH LOOKS ALIKE -- BUT THE TRUCKLOAD VAN BROUGHT WAS TAKEN FROM A PLACE THAT FIEND HAS MARKED AS HIS OWN -- A GRAVE-YARD!



BRENDA, THERE'S AN OLD SUPERSTITION THAT IF A ZOMBIE CRAWLS ONCE AROUND A GRAVE AT MIDNIGHT -- AND THEN TAKES A HANDFUL OF SOIL FROM THE GRAVE -- HE'LL GAIN MASTERY OF THE BURIED CORPSE! BUT THIS ZOMBIE'S FOUND A WAY TO RAISE AN ENTIRE BAND OF UNDEAD -- BY WORKING HIS BLACK SPELL OVER THE EARTH I UNWITTINGLY REMOVED FROM A FORGOTTEN GRAVEYARD!

THAT MEANS MAYBE DOZENS OF BODIES THAT CRUMBLED INTO DUST YEARS AGO -- TAKING SHAPE AGAIN AS PLODDING THINGS WHOSE SOULS BELONG TO HIM! VAN -- WE MUSTN'T LET IT HAPPEN!

YEP -- I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT SOMETHING! BUT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH, HONEY -- I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE ALONE!

VAN -- DON'T YOU SEE THAT'S JUST WHAT I DREAD? WHETHER YOU HAVE IN MIND -- DON'T LEAVE ME BY MYSELF!

OKAY -- BUT IT'S BOUND TO BE RUGGED! THE ZOMBIE'S NEXT STEP WILL BE TO GO TO THE GRAVE-YARD ITSELF -- AND THAT'S WHERE WE'LL HAVE TO BE TOMORROW MIDNIGHT -- FACE TO FACE WITH HORROR -- IF WE EXPECT TO STOP THAT CREEP!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...ALONG A ROAD STIFLED BY DARKNESS...

THERE ISN'T A TOMBSTONE IN SIGHT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...BUT I CAN TELL THIS IS THE PLACE! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT SEEMS TO BROOD AND WAIT...FOR HIM!

IT'S PRETTY CLOSE TO MID-NIGHT! WE'D BETTER DO OUR WAITING BEHIND THOSE BUSHES...AND MAKE SURE WE AREN'T SPOTTED!

AS THE MINUTES CREEP PAST...

VAN...I SAID I WOULDN'T BE AFRAID! BUT I SUPPOSE THE UNDEAD TURN OUT TO BE THINGS LIKE HIM...WHAT'LL WE DO? I'VE TRIED TO WORK OUT A PLAN, HONEY...BUT THERE'S NOT TELLING WHAT WE'LL BE UP AGAINST! THAT'S WHY I WISH I KNEW WHICH WAY THE ZOMBIE WILL BE COMING...SO YOU COULD WAIT IN THE CAR!

SUDDENLY...LIKE EVIL Oozing FROM THE GLOOM...

HAA! THEY'RE HERE...LYING IN THEIR CRUMPLED BIERs...READY TO RISE!



...IN A CHAIN OF FLASHES THAT
GRACKLE FOR YARDS AROUND...

MASTER...
MASTER!

IT'S HORRIBLE!
THEY'RE STILL
RISING... ALL
AROUND US!

SOMETHING'S
MOVING...
DIRECTLY
UNDERFOOT!
YE GODS...
LOOK
OUT!

REARING STARKLY FROM THE
BLIGHTED EARTH...

OH!



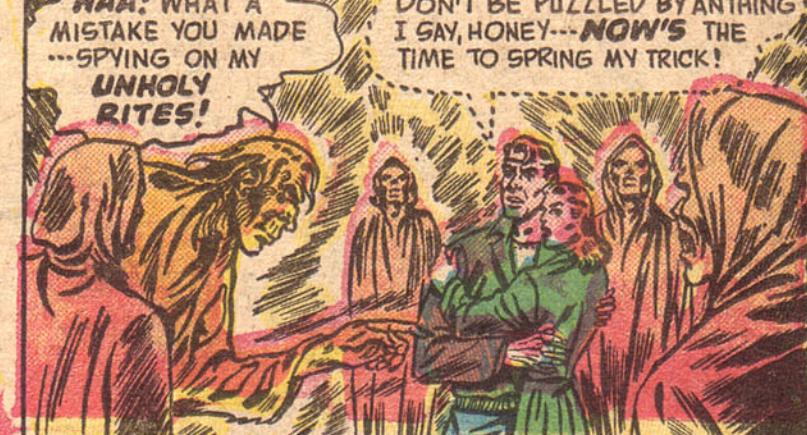
SLOWLY, THE LIFELESS HEAD TURNS... AND WITH A
GAZE THAT ONCE KNEW ONLY THE STIFLING CONFINES
OF A COFFIN...

HUMANS
...HUMANS!

VAN...
IT SEES
US!

HAA! WHAT A
MISTAKE YOU MADE
...SPYING ON MY
UNHOLY
RITES!

DON'T BE PUZZLED BY ANYTHING
I SAY, HONEY... **NOW'S** THE
TIME TO SPRING MY TRICK!



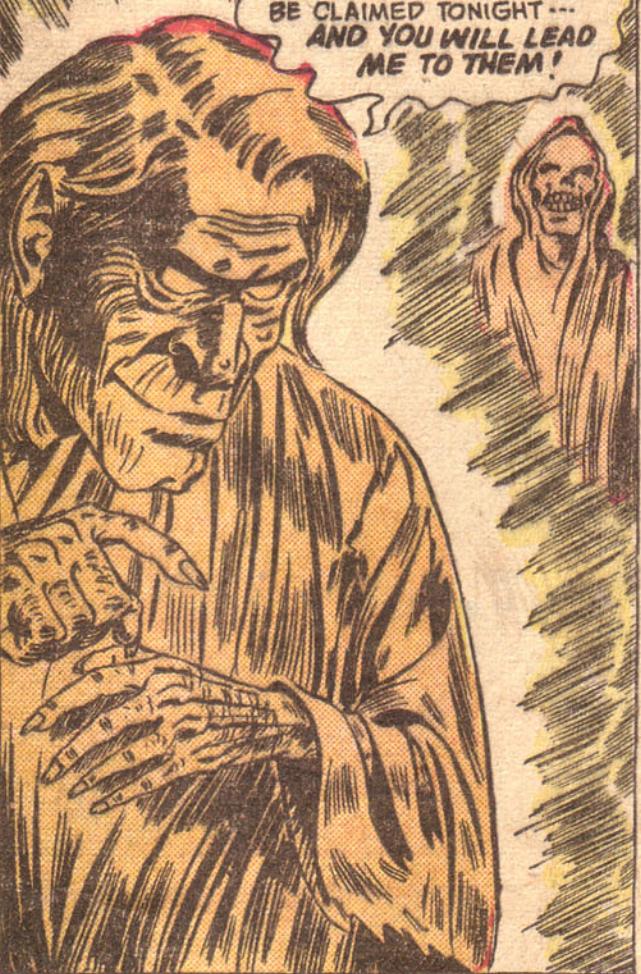
DID YOU THINK YOU COULD
SAVE THE UNDEAD... WHEN
THE MINGLED SOIL OF
THEIR GRAVES DOOMS
THEM TO FOLLOW ME
FOREVER?

YE GODS, BRENDA... I DIDN'T
REALIZE WHAT I WAS DOING...
BUT THAT EARTH I BROUGHT
TO YOUR PLACE WAS TAKEN
FROM **BOTH** GRAVE-
YARDS!



YOU MEAN THERE
ARE OTHER GRAVES
---WAITING TO YIELD
THEIR UNDEAD? THEY MUST
BE CLAIMED TONIGHT...
AND YOU WILL LEAD
ME TO THEM!

BRENDA... GET
MOVING... BEFORE
THIS FIEND FORCES
US TO TALK!



HURRY, UNDEAD!... WE MUST CATCH THEM! IT
MEANS NEW GRAVES OPENING BEFORE YOUR
VERY EYES... IT MEANS OTHER CORPSES
JOINING YOU IN YOUR ETERNAL
HALF-LIFE!



VAN, WE CAN'T OUTDISTANCE THINGS
LIKE THEM... WHY IN HEAVEN ARE
WE HEADING AWAY FROM THE CAR?

WE'RE MAKING FOR THAT
CLUMP OF UNDERBRUSH!
WHEN WE GET THERE,
KEEP HIDDEN--- AND
LEAVE THE REST
TO ME!

A MOMENT LATER...

VAN MUST HAVE HAD
SOME REASON FOR LEADING
THESE FIENDS TO HIS STONE
QUARRY... BUT WHERE'D
HE GO? SUPPOSE THE
ZOMBIE FINDS ME--- AND
I HAVE TO FACE THOSE
THINGS
ALONE?

THIS WAY, UNDEAD! THEY'RE
NOWHERE IN SIGHT--- SO
THEY MUST BE
HIDING CLOSE
BY!



THEN--THROUGH THE PLODDING RANKS OF THE UNDEAD...

GET LOST, CREEPS
...I'M TAKING THIS POWERHOUSE WHERE IT'LL DO SOME GOOD!

CRASH!

OH!

DON'T WORRY, BRENDA... THERE'LL BE NO NEED TO HIDE NOW!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

AAAGH!

HASTEN, UNDEAD! WHEREVER OUR MASTER CARRIES THE SOIL FROM OUR GRAVES... WE MUST FOLLOW!

CRASH

IN A BLIND, PLODDING WAVE...

MASTER!
MASTER!

WE ARE JOINING YOU, MASTER!

THE UNDEAD CAN'T LEAVE THE PIT WITHOUT THE ZOMBIE, BRENDA... AND HE'S PINNED UNDER TONS OF ROCK! WHEN I TOLD YOU I HAD A BULLDOZING JOB TO DO AT THE QUARRY... I WASN'T KIDDING!

I'VE GOT ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT FOR YOUR BULLDOZER, VAN! PLEASE SCOOP UP THAT TOPSOIL YOU LEFT IN MY GARDEN AND DUMP IT HERE... BACK ON TOP OF THE CREATURES IT ONCE COVERED!

The END!

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